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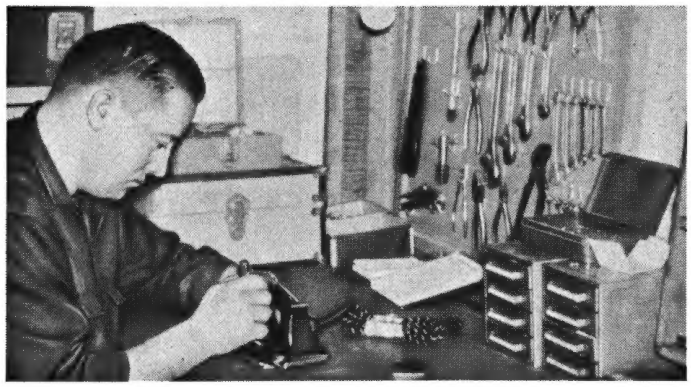

Has shop in basement—gets "more and more work all along"

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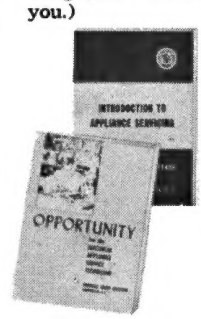

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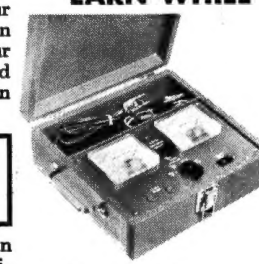

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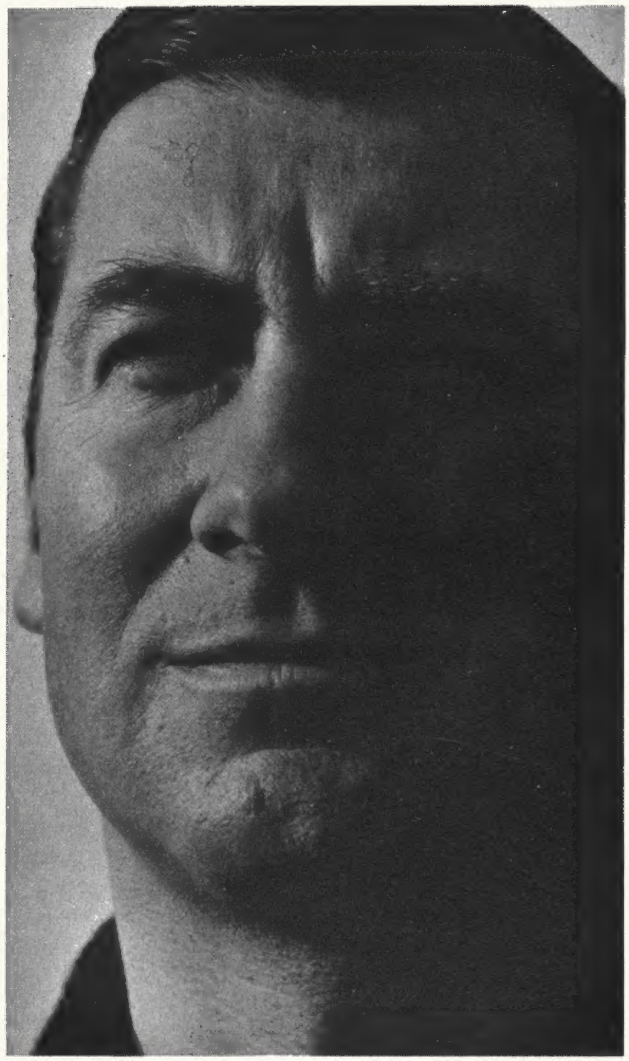

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VOLUME 141, NO. 4, APRIL, 1965

ADVENTURE

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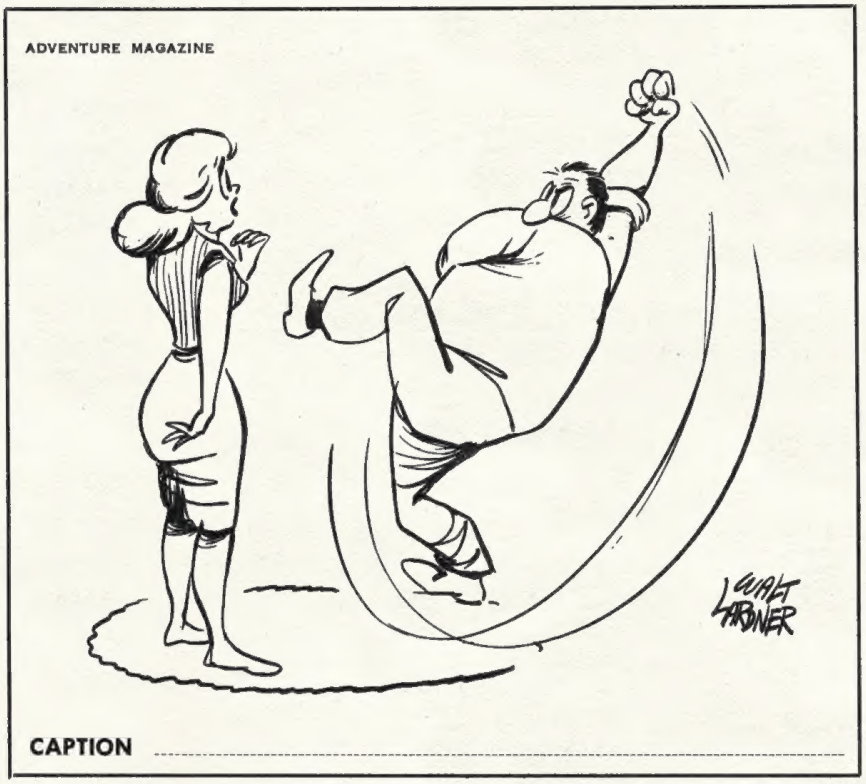
ADVENTURE CLUB

CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

The editors are pleased to learn that ADVENTURE readers—in spite of unpaid bills, unreasonable females and underpaid jobs—have not lost their sense of humor. In fact, it's hitting on all cylinders. Judging from the mound of entries received for the cartoon caption contest which started last month, a mound that is rapidly swelling into a mountain, all of you are still good for a laugh. Almost too good! It will be tough to judge the Feb. winner at the deadline on Feb. 28.

He will receive a prize that will give him a chance to prove he's a real adventurer at heart. It will be an "adventure in eating," an exotic food from a foreign country, such as chocolate-covered ants, kangaroo tail soup or sliced baby octopus. And a reprint of the cartoon together with his name, his winning caption and prize, will appear in the June issue.

Below is another cartoon and the writer of the funniest caption for it will receive a similar prize. You can send in as many as you wish. Address: Cartoon Contest, ADVENTURE Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. All entries for this April contest must be received by April 30, and in case of duplication, the winner will be the one with the earliest postmark.



$100 FOR YOUR STORY

This month ADVENTURE presents the first $100 prize winner, Tom Weaver, for his story: "Sukarno's Jungle Jezebels" on page 34. It's a piece you'll enjoy. Don't let the professional style of the writing scare you off. Tom simply supplied the facts; our rewrite man put them together. And he'll do the same for you.

In case you missed the contest announcement, here it is in brief. If you've had an exciting adventure, write it to the best of your ability and send it to: Personal Story, ADVENTURE Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. If accepted, it will be professionally rewritten and published in ADVENTURE and you will receive a check for $100 and membership, including a membership card, in the ADVENTURE CLUB.

Of course, your name as author will appear with the story. In addition, a number of condensations of submitted adventure stories, not usable as full-length features, will appear in this column. If yours is one of these, you will receive payment of $5. All readers who submit personal adventure stories of merit, in the opinion of the editors, whether or not these stories are published, will qualify for membership in the ADVENTURE CLUB.

The requirements are simple. The story must be your own, written in the first-person, and must not have been published in any other magazine. It must be typewritten, double-spaced, and no shorter than 1000 words. The receipt of stories can't be acknowledged, and if unusable they will be returned only if return postage is included with them. Please do not submit photographs or documents until they are requested, but state on your original manuscript whether or not these are available. They are not necessary for your story, however.

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You can win another $5, too, by sending in a good gag and having it printed in LAUGH IT OFF, page 16. See instructions on that page.

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F. W. COX, Hollywood, Calif., averaged $150 a month spare time while training, now has his own full time TV-Radio service business. ALLAN R. TOWNSEND, Topeka, Kan., is a missile officer at Atlas ICBM site, fixes radios and TV sets spare time. R. L. WOOD, Fargo, N. D., got his FCC license and is Master Control Engineer with KXIB-TV. J. J. JENKINS, San Diego, Calif., says his NRI training is priceless. He is Frequency Coordinator for the 11th Naval District.

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ASK ADVENTURE

INSECTS

I would appreciate any information you might pass along concerning the entomology of Costa Rica, Cocos Island, Panama, Venezuela and Colombia.

I am a medical student and plan to go to the area to investigate endemic diseases and study the antitoxins which will best combat diseases in those countries.

Ken Erickson

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To my knowledge, there are no medical books dealing specifically with countries. Most texts are concerned with tropical medicine. There are hundreds of books and papers concerning medical entomology. Here are a few of general interest:

H. B. Herms, "Medical Entomology," McGraw Hill Book Co., 1950; W. S. Patton & F. W. Criag, "Text Book of Medical Entomology," 1928; Alcock, "Entomology for Medical Officers," London, 1922; W. D. Pierce, "Sanitary Entomology," R. G. Badger, Boston, 1921; W. S. Patton & Evans, "Insects, Ticks, Mites and Venemous Animals of Medical and Veterinary Importance," Liverpool University Press, 1929.

S. W. Frost

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE FILM

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Norman E. Saville

Scarboro, Ont. (*Turn to page* 20)

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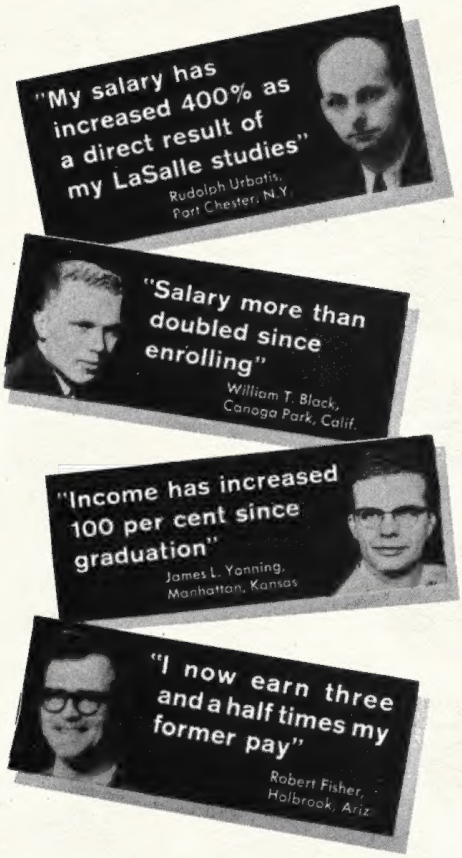
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EDUCATION: *(Fill in number of years completed)*

Grammar School ..... years
High School ..... years
College ..... years
Other ..... years

PRESENT EMPLOYMENT:

Kind of position .....

Hours of work ..... A.M. to ..... P.M.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

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Estimated spare hours per week available for study .....

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ISLE OF WOMEN

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HELP WANTED: SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

The African armies, busy throwing lead at the rebels, need more fodder and if you like a scrap, and you think you bear a charmed life, you can get a job with fancy pay as a hired mercenary. In the Congo they've been paying a base rate of $400 per month for privates, another $100 for officers and extra for combat time. Should you find a slug with your name on it, your beneficiary collects almost $20,000. Not much experience is needed. All you need to know is which end of a rifle is the business end. If you have a military background, however, and your side wins, you'll probably end up with a steady job. If you want it, that is.

Recruiting officer is Patrick O'Malley, ex-R.A.F. bomber pilot. Phone number is Johannesburg, South Africa, 838-5302. At least, it was at press time. At Salisbury, South Africa, 55715, the voice answering the phone belongs to Major John Wicks, formerly of the British Army.

BACHELOR PARTIES

There are some new and unique boy-meets-girl setups that should prove interesting. An enterprising outfit in New York City is arranging them for bachelors and bacheloresses, Included, we suspect, are people who aren't really single but just feel that way. They're parties in various romantic settings. The first were held during the Christmas-New Year holidays in Mexico City, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, Jamaica and Hawaii. And there probably will be more to celebrate special holidays throughout the coming year. Further information can be obtained by contacting: Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

CUT-RATE SAFARI

If you can pay your way as far as Frankfurt, Germany, you can now enjoy a 19-day sightseeing safari to Africa, all expenses paid, for as little as $800; $1100 for 26 days. If you want to go big-game hunting, of course, there are extra license fees, charges for equipment, white hunter's fee, etc. But this still is the cheapest way. It's made possible by the fact that European charter plane flights are not restricted as they are in the U.S. If you're interested, write: Tomas Friedmann, Safari Travel, 507 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. These safaris, incidentally, include a two-day stopover in Cairo and two days in Addis Ababa, and the sightseeing tour also takes you to Nairobi in Kenya, Tsavo Park, Mt. Kilimanjaro and the Serengeti Plain with its dense wild animal population. You'll fly on one of Safari Travel's nine modern airliners.

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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could *you* get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and *do* something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 30 E. Adams, Chicago, Ill. No salesman will call.

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If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐

HEADLINES *FOR* MEN

WORLD NEWS • CLUES • INSIDE INFO • NEW PRODUCTS

SOLUTION TO THE POPULATION EXPLOSION, some people say, is emigration to other planets . . . better than birth control . . . but Willy Ley, famous space scientist, says it won't work . . . IT WOULD REQUIRE SPACE SHIPS, EACH SEATING 100 PERSONS, LEAVING EARTH EVERY MINUTE JUST TO STAY EVEN WITH THE PRESENT POPULATION GROWTH!

YOUTH PILL FOR GALS . . . Dr. Vladimir Petrow describes pill at chemists's convention . . . instead of growing old after menopause, women will stay pretty till 60 or so . . . merely a question of supplying hormones of femininity after natural supply ceases . . . CONVENTION FOUND THIS HARD TO SWALLOW.

FIRE DEPT MEMBERS WASHED UP . . . in Wenatchee, Wash., firemen tested their new generator designed to smother flames with soapsuds . . . MOUNTAIN OF SUDS CLIMBED FIVE-STORY TOWER OF STATION IN THREE MINUTES . . . suds were eight feet deep before machine shut off . . . now Wenatchee has THE CLEANEST FIRE DEPT, REDDEST FACES, PURPLEST LANGUAGE.

RUSSIAN MISSILES STILL ONLY 90 MILES FROM U.S.! . . . despite Cuban assurances to contrary, many Russian-made missiles remain in Cuba, some are below ground . . . MANY MISSILES WITH WAR HEADS ARE HIDDEN BENEATH THE SEA! . . . recently, five ships took missiles from Cuba to Isle of Pines, prison island 25 miles south of Cuba . . . THESE ARE FACTS.

TINY TRANSMITTER HIDDEN IN FALSE TEETH is being used by Australian investigators . . . it tells dentists about jaw movements of patients, affording perfect denture fit . . . however, similar ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT MIGHT BE GIMMICK FOR FUTURE SPIES . . . such as radio receiver-transmitter surgically buried in agent's flesh, sounds being carried by bone conduction.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT MOTHBALL FLEET? Hundreds of old but serviceable WW2 cargo ships lie in the Hudson River and other places . . . worth millions, going to waste . . . WOULD MAKE EXCELLENT GARBAGE INCINERATORS, says Mass. health official . . . could collect refuse by day, burn it offshore at night . . . or could be sold to real estate people as FLOATING RESTAURANTS, HOTELS, SHOPPING DISTRICTS FOR SEASIDE COMMUNITIES.

A new professional building in Phoenix, Ariz. . . designed around a beautifully landscaped rectangular patio . . . IS SO FILLED WITH DOCTORS, DENTISTS AND LABS that it is referred to as MEDICINE SQUARE GARDEN.

UNITED NATIONS REPORT ON DEATHS . . . a frustrated Frenchman drinks himself to death; a frustrated Irishman gets so angry he dies of high-blood pressure; a Dane will shoot himself . . . AN AMERICAN WILL SHOOT YOU, GET DRUNK, THEN GIVE MONEY TO YOUR RELATIVES AND FINALLY DIE OF AN ULCER.

Tokyo, Japan, has opened an INDUSTRIAL SPY SCHOOL . . . trains business personnel how to STEAL A COMPETITOR'S SALES PROMOTION PROGRAM and how to protect their own . . . EVEN HAS A COURSE IN THE USE OF SPY CAMERAS.

Spanish bullfighters in Madrid have dedicated MONUMENT TO THE DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN . . . Sir Alexander Fleming . . . because the drug has drastically REDUCED THE MORTALITY RATE AMONG GORED MATADORS.

ANOTHER SCIENCE FICTION DREAM is coming true . . . like space travel . . . eventually it will be possible to have a mechanical robot CONTROLLED BY A HUMAN BRAIN . . . a Parisian scientist has already SUCCEEDED IN TURNING SWITCHES ON AND OFF BY USING BRAIN WAVES.

LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE ANCIENT ROMANS . . . it wasn't the drinking, eating, sex orgies that killed them . . . they got overdoses of lead . . . a Chicago U. scientist, studying their 1800-year-old teeth, concludes THEY WERE POISONED BY LEAD IN THEIR GOBLETS, DISHES.

In Pearl River, N.Y. there's a catering service called THE PETITE PANTRY . . . recently when they handed out business cards, customers did a double-take . . . cards read: THE PETITE PANTY-REFRESHMENTS FOR PARTIES.

NEW GIRDLES FOR GIRLS WILL BE MADE OF LEAD . . . not to keep in the blubber but to keep out harmful radiation . . . lady workers in X-ray labs now advised to wear cinches containing powered lead TO PROTECT THEIR OVARIES from damaging rays.

If you wanted to buy a topless bathing suit, where would you find it listed in the Yellow Pages? . . . under SEAT COVERS, of course.

Move Up Faster — Make More Money With N.T.S. "PROJECT METHOD" HOME TRAINING

Looking for your first real job in industry? Are you stalemated in a dead-end job? Or, are you being left behind because you're not up on new industry methods? Don't let technical progress — automation — pass you up. There's an N.T.S. Project Method training program to help you MOVE UP FASTER and MAKE MORE MONEY!

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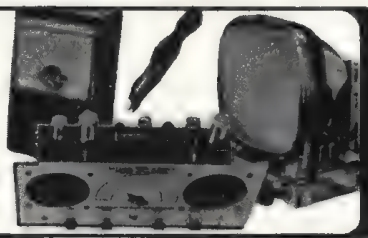
3. FCC License Course
4. Radio Servicing (AM-FM-Transistors)
5. Television Servicing (Including Color)
6. Stereo, Hi-Fi and Sound Systems
7. Basic Electronics
8. Electronics Math



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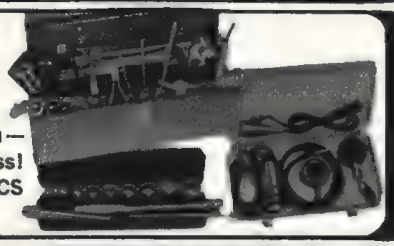

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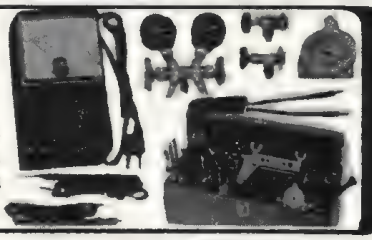

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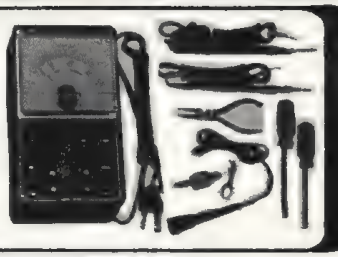

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TREASURE & TRAILS TIPS

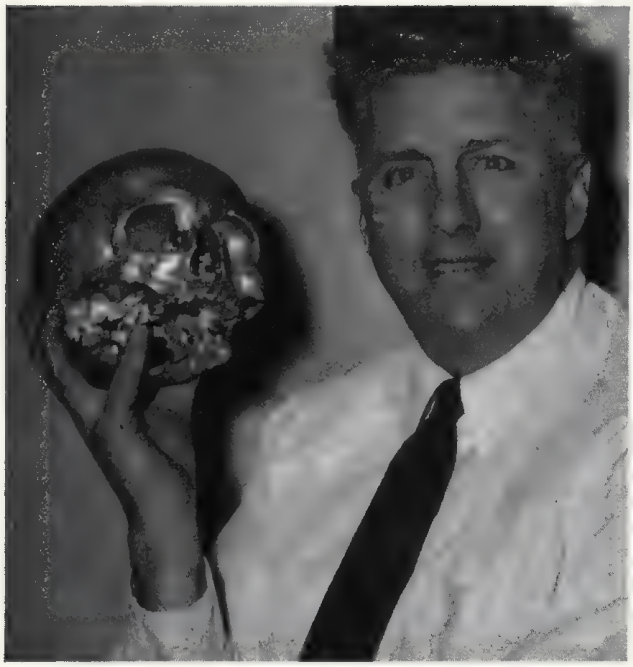
BY ROBERT NESMITH

Robert Nesmith is an internationally known expert on all aspects of treasure hunting. He is an authority on beachcombing, ghost towns, wagon trails, pirates and sunken galleons, and frequently acts as consultant in evaluating Spanish coins, artifacts, treasure maps and charts. His research library on pirate treasure is one of the most complete. He is well qualified to advise you. Address: Treasure Trails, ADVENTURE, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

BIG TREASURE HOAX: Frank Luna and Clarence Ruppel, while digging in a trench on private property near New Braunfels, Texas, uncovered a copper treasure chest with what appeared to be over 2,000 Spanish doubloons dated 1724. When tested the coins turned out to be brass. Authorities from the Witte Museum in San Antonio were amazed at the skill used in faking the coins, and wondered why someone would have gone to such expense to reproduce them so perfectly. Best guess is that "counterfeiters" planned to unload the chest and contents some dark night on a "buyer" for real money. Estimates suggest that chest and contents were possibly from fifty to a hundred years old and probably made in Mexico. If real, the coins would be worth around $100,000 in gold. (Bill Mahan, Garland, Texas)

IF YOU ARE "GHOST-TOWNING" IN THE WEST, watch for sites of coolie camps. Chinese were brought to this country to build the railroads, and although their bodies went back to China for burial, they planted a lot of their savings and fantan winnings. These camps provide rich treasure hauls when worked today.

Blackbeard's skull talks on windy nights.



OLD ARMY MINE DETECTORS can be bought cheap enough but are not worth the price as metal detectors. They are heavy and even when rebuilt are not efficient enough to spot objects as small as coins.

TREASURE TROVE is a term that was handed down by a British judge in 1903, meaning—"Any gold or silver, in coin, plate or bullion, found concealed in a house, or in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown."

LOST PROPERTY is that with which the owner has parted unknowingly without any thought of divesting himself of the title to it.

ABANDONED PROPERTY is that which the owner has thrown away with the intention of getting rid of. If you find treasure it is important, under the law, to determine into which class it falls. This precaution may hinder or help your case if you take it to court. It is best to look into the law before going too far, or to consult an attorney. Proper legal advice and signed agreements with all parties concerned may save long litigation and heavy expenses. (Charles Jensen, San Francisco)

PIRATE EDWARD TEACH (Blackbeard) was reputed to have buried his ill-gotten gains along the Carolina coast. He was killed in a fight with Lt. Maynard who cut off his head and carried it into Bathtown. His silver-plated skull (left) is owned by Edward Roe Snow, an author who lives in Marshfield, Mass. Snow swears the skull talks to him on windy nights. He's waiting for Blackbeard to tell him where he buried the swag. Charles Driscoll, a great authority on pirates, claims that a Blackbeard treasure chest was dug up on a lonely beach, but instead of doubloons it contained the water-soaked bones of the pirate's seventh wife.

THE CRATER OF DIAMONDS near Murfreesboro, Arkansas, was discovered in 1906 by John Huddleston, a trapper, sharecropper, and guide to prospectors. It was opened to the public in 1952 and people were allowed to search for stones and keep the ones they found for a small fee. Since that time the thousands of members of the Finders Keepers Club have found diamonds varying in size from pin-heads to a blue-white stone reported to be valued at $85,000, discovered by an eagle-eyed housewife from Dallas, Texas.

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Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned $14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over $2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning $7.50 to $15.00 an hour in my own business . . . Universal's course is wonderful."

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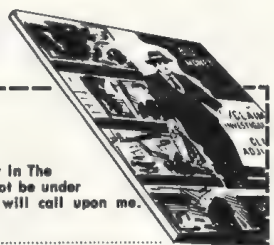
EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs . . . no time out for strikes . . . no oversupply of men . . . no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. *Write today!*

Mail Now for FREE BOOK



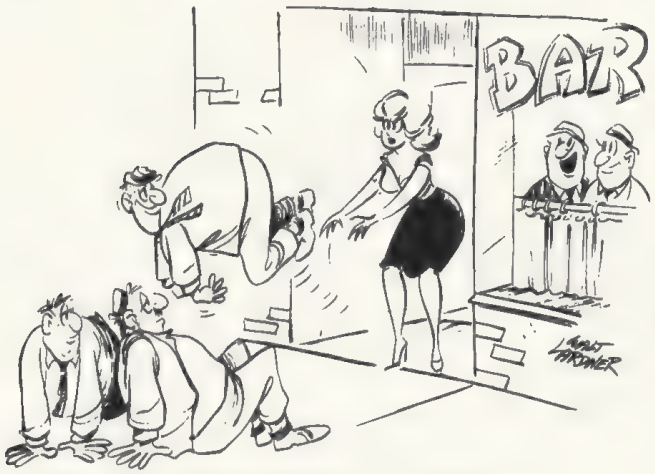
M. O. Wilson, Dept. AM-4
Universal Schools,
6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas
Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money In The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under the slightest obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

LAUGH IT OFF!



"The only bar they like to be thrown out of."

"Where would you prefer to be when the H-bomb goes off?"
Some place where I can say: "What was that?"

As the Hollywood agent said when he first saw Jane Mansfield:
"There's gold in them thar hills!"

During a wake for her husband, the widow noticed that the deceased man in the next room of the funeral parlor was laid out in a full-dress suit while her husband wore only a business suit. When she demanded an explanation from the undertaker, he told her the formal deal would cost another $10 a day, which she thereupon agreed to pay.

"You and your friends wait in the anteroom for just a minute," he said, "while I make the change."
In less than a minute, he was finished and her husband was wearing a tuxedo. But one of the mourners was suspicious.

"Tell me confidentially," he asked the undertaker. "How did you switch clothes so fast?"

"Confidentially," answered the undertaker, "I didn't; I switched heads!"

A housewife, who was an ardent gambler, came home early from her bridge party and found her husband in the arms of another woman.

"Let's be fair," said the other woman. "Your husband loves me and I love him. Let's play cards for him. If I win, I get him; if I lose, I'll never see him again."

"Okay," said the wife, "but so it shouldn't be so boring, let's also play for a penny a point."

Continued on page 18

GOOD JOBS WAITING

...for the Young in Heart!

Hotels, Motels, Clubs
Call for Trained Men and Women

Fresh out of school? Count a few gray hairs? Whatever your age — you are wanted in the hotel, motel, and club field as long as you are "young in heart!" And you STAY young because your work is stimulating, fascinating, alive!

You are surrounded by an ever-changing picture of people and events. Waiting for you are exciting, ever-growing opportunities in luxurious hotels, thrilling resorts, glamorous clubs, beautifully appointed new motels.

Lewis training qualifies you, quickly, easily, at home, in leisure time, or through resident classes in Washington. Thousands of Lewis graduates are now succeeding as Managers, Hostesses, Assistant Managers, Stewards, and in 55 other types of important, well-paid positions.

You've seen them — even envied them — for the life they live is so thrillingly "different." Yet, not so long ago, most of them knew no more—perhaps less—about hotel, motel or club work than you do right now: 9 out of 10 of them had no previous experience. What they have done — YOU can do.

You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Position Qualified to "Make Good"

Soon—very soon you can join the countless Lewis graduates now "making good." A happy, ever-growing future awaits you in this business—previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped when you are over 40. **Send for Free Book Today.**

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Room YMC-119-95 **Washington 37, D.C.**

LOVES HOSTESS JOB
Thousands of Lewis-trained women hold fascinating, well-paid positions as hotel-motel hostess.
ENJOY YOUR WORK
Meet interesting people, use luxurious hotel facilities, in your pick of exciting positions.
BE AN EXECUTIVE
Neither age nor lack of experience hold you back from dignified, high-level positions in this field!

Send for Free Book Today. Our FREE book, "Your Golden Opportunity," explains how you are registered FREE OF EXTRA COST in Lewis Nationwide Placement Service—qualified to "make good."

WANT TO RETIRE? Here's an exciting new "second career"! With living costs making it almost impossible to retire on a small pension or income, many mature people and retired service personnel have turned to Lewis Training as a tested and proved shortcut to EXTRA INCOME. Step into a well-paid position in Florida, California, anyplace where life is easier.

Accredited Member NHSC

Approved For All Veteran Training

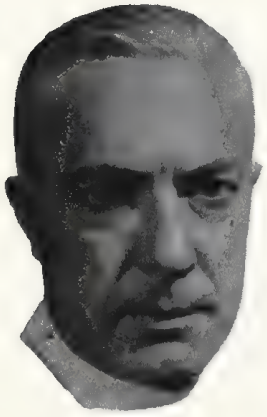
MAIL COUPON NOW! NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

Lewis Hotel Training School
Room YMC-119-95, Washington 37, D.C.
49th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Please send me your Free Book, "Your Golden Opportunity." I am interested in opportunities checked below:

☐ Hotels ☐ Motels ☐ Clubs
☐ Institutions ☐ Restaurants ☐ Apartments
Please check: ☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name . . . . . .
(Please Print Name and Address)
Address . . . . . .
City . . . . . Zone State . . . . .



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

©1962 Comate Corporation, 20 West 45 Street, New York 36

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 3402C
20 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find $10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

A motorist, driving along a narrow country highway at night, was mystified by the actions of the driver of the huge trailer truck ahead of him. After every mile or so, the man would stop the truck, get out and pound the sides of the trailer with his fists, at the same time shouting curses.

The motorist's curiosity eventually became unbearable.

"What are you, crazy or something?" he asked during one of the stops.

"It's none of your business," answered the driver, "but if you have to know. . . I got six tons of canaries in this trailer but it's made to carry only five tons and so I got to keep one ton flying all the time."

A Sunday school principal, visiting a Bible class, asked one of the young students:

"Who knocked down the walls of Jericho?"

"Not me!" the boy answered.

The principal turned to the teacher:

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Yes," said the teacher, "and he's telling the truth. He couldn't have done it because he's been in my class all morning."

In frustration the principal then phoned the boy's father and told him about his son.

"Listen," replied the father, "I don't want any trouble . . . how much do the damned walls cost?"

A famous animal trainer had a pet octopus that he claimed could play any type of musical instrument. One day when he was displaying its talents in a local tavern, a stranger offered to bet him $100 that there was one instrument the octopus couldn't play. The bet was accepted and the stranger then opened a large suitcase, took out a bagpipe, and set it on the floor. The octopus inspected it, was still inspecting it a half-hour later.

"I win!" said the stranger gleefully.

"Wait a while," answered the owner. "As soon as he discovers he can't make love to it, he'll play it."

"Get up, you no-good loafer," shouted the wife, shaking her sleeping husband. "I want you should take little Jake to the zoo."

"Phooey," he snorted. "Let the zoo come and get him."

Press agent, on the telephone to his Hollywood office:

"Sam, I got a girl here . . . wow! What a girl! She measures 58-23-33."

Sam: "Wonderful. What's her act?"

Press agent: "She crawls out on the stage and tries to stand up."

WIN $5 — Do you have a really funny joke? Send it to: Laugh It Off, ADVENTURE Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York, New York 10017. If it's used on this page, you'll get a check for $5.

ENJOY

a professional career . . .

KNOW THE FEELING OF SUCCESS

EARN BIG MONEY AS AN

ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR

You can easily enter this exciting field of Accident Investigation and enjoy the rich rewards of a professional career with consistent high earnings. And, all of this can be accomplished in a matter of weeks . . . in your spare time . . . with our easy-to-learn home training method. You don't even have to change jobs now. No special education or previous experience needed.

TRAINED INVESTIGATORS URGENTLY NEEDED — BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Today, there is a serious shortage of well-trained Accident Investigators throughout the United States and Canada. You are needed in this vital billion-dollar-a-year business that is growing bigger each year. Our training enables you to open your own business—even at home in your spare time—or become a highly-paid Company professional specialist with car furnished, expense account and other valuable benefits. You will be given free employment help through our Professional Placement Bureau.

YOU WILL KNOW AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH IMPORTANT PEOPLE

If you like people, you will have plenty of friends. You will meet and work with doctors, lawyers, judges and other influential people in your community. There's a new, high-standard of living ahead for you in this widely respected career.

You can establish yourself quickly and permanently in this extremely well-paid and fascinating profession. Get started now by mailing the coupon for full information at no obligation. See for yourself how easy it is for you to achieve the professional status you've always wanted. • Fully approved by Association of Home Study Schools

◄ SEND FOR FREE BOOK

UNITED SCHOOLS • DEPT. 251
416 Louisville Ave., Monroe, Louisiana

Please send me a FREE BOOK with information on how I can quickly become an Accident Investigator. There's no obligation on my part and no salesman will call.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____

Would You Like to Take in $140 after Supper?

This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in $140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running $300 and more."

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this $140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a *clear net profit* to you.

Start while Continuing Present Job

We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . have a fast growing income . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable . . the electric Foamovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . easy to start . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big . . . in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) superior processes and (2) proven customer-getting methods.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have 5 other services.

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

Your Services Are Endorsed by McCall's Magazine, Amer. Research & Testing Laboratories and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

What Dealers Say:

Langdon Lawson: National advertising is tops, creates leads. In September, working alone, jobs totaled $1,475.

R. C. Blue: Customer called a prominent competitor. They said they could not clean her badly soiled furniture . . . to contact me, "if anyone could get it clean, I could"

Charles Randal: Business keeps growing. Made as much as $130 in one day.

D. Kern: Duraclean's proven-best process and the continuous help from headquarters gave me a big jump on all competition.

George Byers: For University, my total billing was $2,416. Total expenses $814.

Gerald Weibrauch: Three persons called me saw Duraclean advertised in magazines.

Edward Hoy: A smoke damage insurance claim bill was $186. All work was done by me in exactly 8 hours and 2 minutes.

John Heak: I've never worked at anything I enjoyed more than Duraclean.

W. C. Swith: Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger.

Service man for dealer **C. Weed:** Furniture was filthy black. When through, I was amazed how clean.

John E. Frost: First 2 months I grossed $1,000 part-time.

Loren Farris: I'm proud to be independent at 30. I wish I had known about Duraclean earlier.

Earl Davis: Our sales increased $17,660 this year.

Ed. Kramsky: In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows monthly.

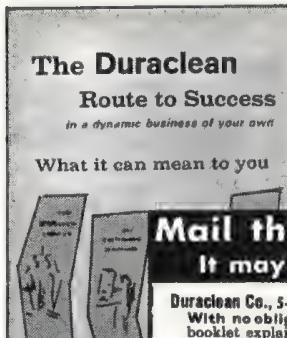
FREE BOOKLET tells how to Start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much bigger income.

Your location should be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., S-703 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

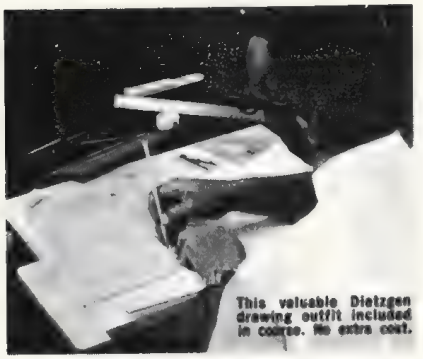
With no obligation, mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

OPEN THE DOOR TO SUCCESS IN ANY INDUSTRY



Thousands of jobs waiting. Become a professional

DRAFTSMAN

LaSalle trains you at home. No previous skills required.

DRAFTING offers you big career opportunities today. Draftsmen are in heavy demand in every technical field, every construction industry, every engineering and research corporation. Look at the columns of "Help Wanted—Draftsmen" ads that appear in a single issue of a city newspaper! Why don't *you* get started in this exciting work and qualify for big pay? No previous skills are required for LaSalle spare-time training; expert instructors give your work personal attention. The cost is remarkably low.

Send for FREE Booklet

Packed with information on opportunities in Drafting. Describes LaSalle training which you can take at home without interference with your present job. Mail coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois 60605.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 40-023, Chicago, Illinois 60605
Please send free booklet, "Opportunities in Drafting," and full information on training at home.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

County.....Age.....
Working Hours

Occupation.....A.M.....P.M.

916

ASK ADVENTURE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

As a starter you might order the following monographs (addressing your letter to Chief Clerk, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C.), enclosing a small fee in Canadian coins or greenbacks: Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, at a dime each; a current copy of their magazine at about a quarter.

For maps, I suggest the "London Times Atlas" and maps from Rand McNally.

EDWARD YOUNG

QUEBEC

I am planning a trip to Quebec city and would like your advice as to where I might find a room at a reasonable price. Since I will have a limited supply of money, I wonder if you could also give me an idea where I might find work.

Will there be a citizenship problem?

Richard Filbin
Boston, Mass.

Quebec is an interesting town for a young fellow to live in. There are plenty of good boarding houses in both the *Qartier Latin* or the suburbs.

Unless you speak "understood French" you may have difficulty in finding a job.

I don't think there would be any problems as to citizenship.

W. MACMILLAN

MINE DETECTORS

I plan to buy a gold-detecting device that works on land and underwater. Do you think these detectors really work, or would I be wasting my money on such equipment?

Bill Samson
Logan, Utah

I approve of electronic mineral locating devices. When used properly they are an invaluable aid to the prospector and treasure hunter. But it does take a while to become familiar with the use of this equipment. At first you will no doubt uncover thousands of tin cans and stovelids, but after a while it will be easy to distinguish between cans and coins by the sound of the receiver.

Sorry, but I'm not familiar with the type that works both on land and underwater. It is best to get one designed for a specific purpose. You'd probably get more use out of the land type.

DONALD CARTER

COMPARATIVE SNAKE BITES

Providing a copperhead and a rattlesnake were the same age and size, which bite would be the more dangerous?

Robert A. Strait
Glendale, Ariz.

To remove any doubt you may have, the rattlesnake is the more dangerous, due to its more aggressive nature, longer fangs, more potent venom, and the fact that it is capable of injecting more poison into its victim in less time.

The Antivenin Institute of America reports that during a ten-year period, out of 308 recorded copperhead bites, not a single death resulted.

CHARLES "TEX" HOLLON

Take Security and Top Pay For Granted! Get into REFRIGERATION, AIR CONDITIONING and HEATING

Learn RIGHT AT HOME in your SPARE TIME!

YOU LEARN BY DOING!

You Build This Complete Refrigeration System YOURSELF!

Learn as you build . . . practice with 25 kits of parts and tools (all included with the course). Follow the easy instructions and, in just a short time, you build a complete refrigeration system that you can convert into an air-conditioner, freezer or refrigerator!

Mail the Coupon below and we'll rush you—absolutely FREE—a valuable book of facts about the big, top-paying job opportunities in the booming field of refrigeration, air conditioning and heating.

This promising business is now a multi-billion dollar industry that's demanding more than 20,000 NEW mechanics every year—jobs that offer good money and real security.

Learn at Home in Your Spare Time

Everything you need to become a skilled specialist in refrigeration, air conditioning and heating will be sent to you. You can study without leaving home, and without giving up your present job. Trained instructors stand by to help you when you need it.

A BETTER JOB—A Business of Your Own!

As you read your Free Book, you'll see how many graduates now operate profitable businesses of their own. Many take high-paying jobs with dealers, distributors or contractors. Many use their new skills as a source of extra part-time income. The choice is up to you.

Thousands Find Success and Security

"I helped install 175 tons of equipment in a shopping center; 3 central AC and heating units in new homes; and 17 room units. Not bad for a student."—James Voss, Tex. "Your course opened a new world of opportunity. I have 3 job offers to choose from."—Thomas O'Connor, New York. "I've earned $400 more than I paid for the course. Am now self-employed."—James Rosado, S. Car. (You'll find many more letters like these in your Free Book.)

AND STILL MORE OPPORTUNITIES IN . . .

Make BIG Money in AUTO MECHANICS
You and Your Future in TELEVISION SERVICING
YOUR FUTURE IN BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
You and Your Future in INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS
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	55 to 59	3.00	8.70	17.10	32.85
	60 to 64	3.50	10.15	19.95	38.35
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Full Name of Applicant _____ Sex ____

Address _____ Date of Birth _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

	FIRST NAME · MIDDLE NAME · LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH MO.	DAY	YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.							
2.							
3.							
4.							
5.							

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge? _____
2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes _____ No _____ If the answer is yes, please give details _____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this _____ Day of _____ 19____

SIGNATURE _____
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WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your— Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ Maternity Benefit Rider ☐ Loss of Wages Rider ☐

PHOTO:
J. DOLLINGER

Munich's Fabulous Fasching

IT LASTS FROM JANUARY 6 UNTIL THE BEGINNING OF LENT —A CITY-WIDE ORGY THAT TOPS THOSE OF ANCIENT ROME AND IS GUARANTEED TO LEAVE YOU WITH NO INHIBITIONS

■ I hunched my shoulders against the January chill and hurried along Munich's **Maximilianstrasse** toward **Max Joseph Platz.** It was nearly nine and I was already late for my first **Fasching** party. The street, one of Bavaria's most elegant, was not yet filled with the thousands of reeling merrymakers who would, by midnight, turn the broad avenue into one vast midway.

Ahead of me, a youth flanked by two girls walked unsteadily along, arms locked. I had drawn almost even with them when they reached the Palace Gardens. Suddenly the two girls began to make violent love to their male companion, performing the most shocking intimacies. I watched in astonishment.

BY GREG JOHNSON

***Fasching* parties are held in nightclubs as well as privately, and none of the merrymakers are the least inhibited.**

MUNICH'S "FASCHING" CONTINUED

I wasn't the only spectator! From around the corner two policemen walked leisurely. They stopped in their tracks, as I had, and took in the startling scene. I expected whistles to blow, nightsticks to thump and yells to rend the air, but the two cops simply shrugged and walked on!

One of them, guessing that I was a foreigner, said, apologetically, *"Er ist ja Karneval!"* He added, "They are Rhinelanders—we must expect such things."

I passed the Gardens, and strode onto the *Ludwigstrasse*. Now I could see the big new apartment building where Emil Dorfmann and his friends were waiting for me. He had said it would be a swinging party. "And in Munich during the *Fasching*, that means all stops are out, no holds barred. I guarantee you've never seen anything like it and never will again—unless you come back to Munich!"

As I walked into the building, I thought that no matter how wild the party got, it would only be an anti-climax to what I had just seen.

I found out differently. I learned that sex-wise, nothing has ever been done anywhere that at a Munich *Fasching* party isn't likely to be topped. Such uninhibited performances once prompted a prominent national magazine to shake its editorial head:

"For sheer, boisterous hell-raising, carnival time in Bavaria is unsurpassed anywhere." And, as I was to prove for myself, the police don't interfere with even the most flagrant disturbance of the peace. No matter *who* she might be."

Most Americans have heard of the *Fasching*, the Munich version of the pre-Lenten New Orleans Mardi Gras. Few, however, realize what actually goes on at these incredible affairs, and fewer still have taken part. The editors of ADVENTURE, not wanting to deprive their readers of a good thing, commissioned me to visit last year's *Fasching* and report on what I saw.

If I were to report *exactly* what I saw and *all* that I saw, this issue of one of America's oldest and greatest magazines would be impounded by the Post Office. But, in this day of greater literary and sexual freedom, I can come pretty close.

It started when I contacted my friend Emil Dorfmann, German-American importer-exporter who has lived

in Bavaria for the past five years.

"Today is January fifth," said Emil. "Tomorrow, the Feast of the Epiphany, is the official commencement of the *Fasching*. And it starts with one hell of a bang!"

He told me that the word "carnival" comes from the Latin *"Carnelevarium,"* which means, "to remove meat," and describes the world-wide festivity that comes just before the forty austere days of Lent during which the absence of fresh meat is observed.

I learned there are several variations of *Fasching*.

"In the Rhineland," Emil explained, "especially around Cologne, they have what is called *Karneval Freiheit* (carnival freedom) that gives the girls an excuse to turn the tables on the men. Down there, the gals will roam the factory towns in groups. If they come across a man, heaven help him! They'll surround him, shove him around and sometimes even beat him up. Usually, though, they make love to him. It often amounts to rape. Hell, not *every* guy is in the mood *all* the time, especially after a few weeks of *Fasching!"*

"Out in the country regions," he went on, "the celebrating takes on another form. They call it *Festnacht* and it's more like the pagan orgies. This whole thing originated in early Rome, of course, and was strictly Catholic. After awhile, everybody else realized a good thing when they saw it. The rural Swabians go around slugging one another with 'fool's rods,' like slapsticks, to beat out the evil spirits. In some cases it seems to take on sexual overtones, and after a gal and a guy have swatted one another for awhile with the fool's rods, they go on to more tender forms of exchange."

Some Americans think that the U.S. version of *Fasching*—the New Orleans Mardi Gras—is a mighty hip party. Actually the Mardi Gras is pretty pallid by comparison, lasting only ten days and confined to one isolated city.

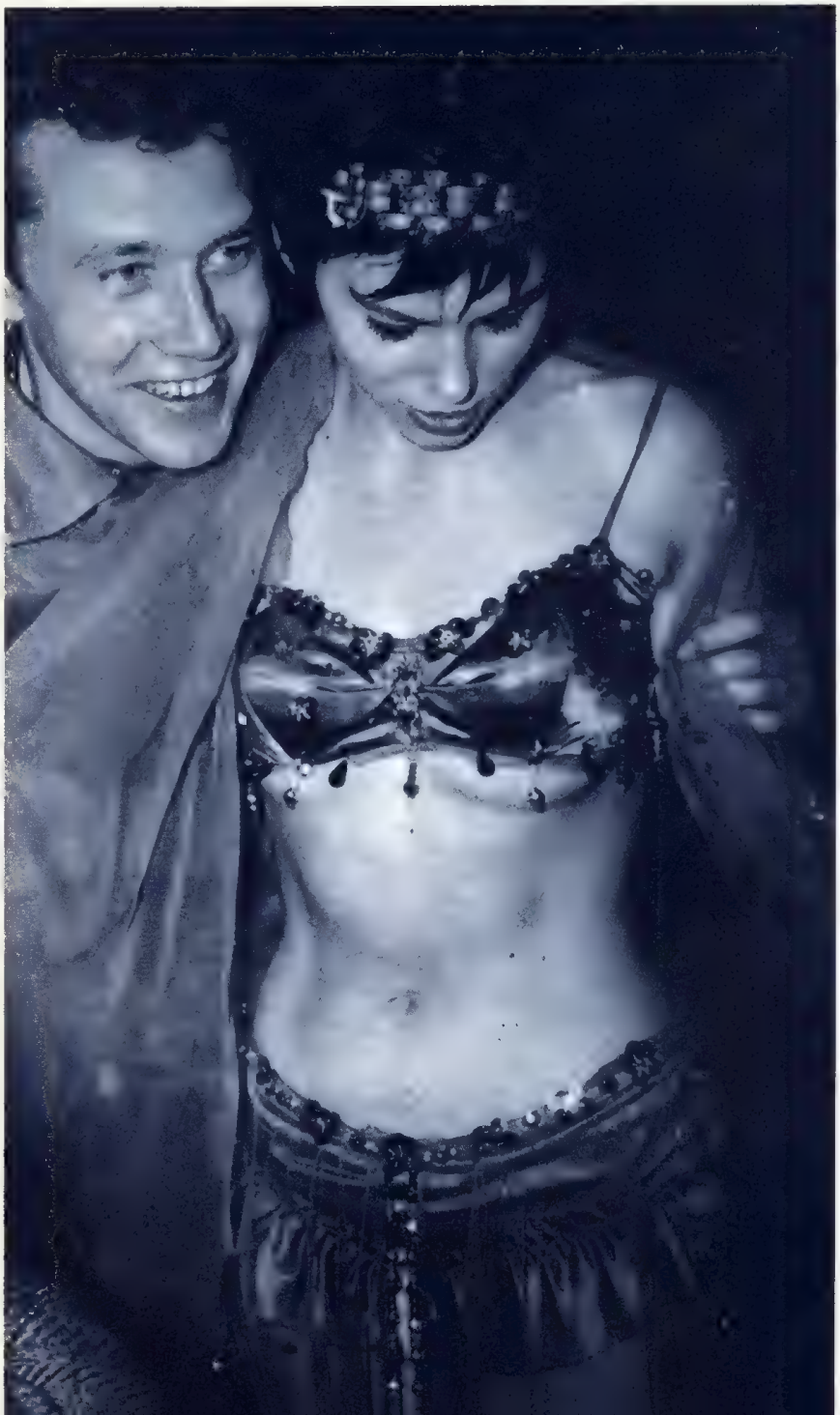
To be arrested during the *Fasching*, you really have to work at it. It's the right of all householders and tenants to do as they damn well please at this time of year, and it's often written into leases. The best way to break a lease at *Fasching* time is to sit quietly—and fully clothed—on the porch with a glass of orange juice, a checker board and your own wife. The landlord can have you evicted on the grounds of insanity.

Back in 1958 the Queen of the *Fasching* was an American school teacher, Carma Baggs. Elected by a plebiscite each year are the Prince and Princess of Love and Joy, whose duty it is to appear at as many parties as possible—at least two a night—and see to it that joy is uncontained in the land. During her forty-one-day reign, twenty-eight-year-old Miss Baggs lost ten pounds. She was out until five every morning and had to report to her classroom at nine.

Most of the 7,000 separate parties are real, all-out bashes, and anybody who fails to hit at least five of them in a week-long visit is in need of pep pills. The biggest party in *Fasching* history was probably the 1956 Jungle Ball, at which 4,200 celebrants showed up.

Nobody tries to kid anybody about what this thing is all about. In re-

PHOTOS FROM GALAXY



His wife? Not for *Fasching*. Couples swap mates, at least till party ends.

Love making needs no privacy. Any place will do, however public.

MUNICH'S "FASCHING" CONTINUED

searching the story, I got the same answer everywhere. It's best summed up by Emil Dorfmann himself:

"This is the Rite of Spring, the Dionysian revels, the Ode to Bacchus, the panegyric to Pan, all rolled into one terrific orgy! The objective is sex. And no matter what the blue noses tell you, it's been that way from the beginning.

"It was a 15th century churchman who started the whole concept when he defended the pre-Lenten freedom with these immortal words: 'A wine barrel that is not tapped will surely burst'!"

As I found during my two-week stay in Munich, nowhere else in the world do they tap so many barrels, and so often.

One of the unwritten laws of the *Fasching* is that if a husband and wife are foolish enough to attend the same party together, they separate at the door and ignore each other for the rest of the evening. Until breakfast, in fact. Better still, until lunch! and if any spouse should, during this period, attempt to obtain a divorce, on the grounds of adultery, he or she would be laughed out of court! And the jurist before whom he appears to protest his wife's infidelity may be the one who tucked her into bed! One of them, anyway. But actually—who cares?

Which brings me to Emil's party on the *Ludwigstrasse*.

"It's going to be a blast," he announced. "There will be about five hundred guests, and I could never afford such a thing. But the tab will be paid by the real estate firm that runs this block of apartment buildings. I predict this won't just be a hot party —it will be a conflagration. Wear an asbestos costume!"

The party started off in the grand ballroom on the second floor. Before the night was through, it had spilled out into the hallways, down to the laundry room, and was divided into small groups throughout most of the apartments on all floors. If anyone slept with his own legal mate that night it was only because one of the two passed out early and was carried home by the other.

While the evening was still young, most of the guests had been drinking for some time, and inhibitions began to fall like autumn leaves. Masks were discarded to facilitate kissing, and there wasn't an unsmeared lipstick in the house.

I had expected to see a number of scantily-clad women, but I must confess I was unprepared for the truth. One buxom dame in her forties came bustling across the floor in a Gay Nineties outfit that covered her decorously and completely, and I wondered who let her in. Then she turned around—to reveal that her elaborate costume covered only her front. The rear was absolutely void of so much as a thread! She danced backward for much of the night.

But the hostess—the handsome *frau* of one of the building's owners—interrupted all of this for a moment. Clapping us into silence, she said, "There will be prizes awarded later, one for the most original costume and—" she paused, her eyes glittering from an overdose of *schnaaps*, "—one for the *briefest!*"

She then pulled a full-length zipper from armpit to hem of her ballet costume and stepped out of it. Since she now wore absolutely nothing, not even earrings or a wedding band, there was no way for anyone to beat her. The applause was deafening.

Emil was in on the gag. He stepped forward a few paces and asked loudly, "Rosamund, what is the prize for the scantiest costume?"

At the same time, one of the husky young men in Tarzan garb made a leap to the center of the hall. With a flourish, he ripped off his leopard skin and—in nothing but his original skin—pirouetted up to Rosamund.

She cried, "Here is the prize, which I gratefully accept!"

She accepted him right there in the middle of the ballroom, just as the overhead lights went out. Now the large room was filled only with shadow forms. There were some gasps and lots of breathless laughter.

Emil stepped back beside me and murmured, "You're on your own. The apartment next to mine is vacant."

As my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I realized that there was enough light to see by. It was a blue reflection from spotlights at various points, which gave the scene a dream-like quality. A five-piece orchestra in a corner played Strauss waltzes, and in the center of the floor a few couples, locked together, moved about.

But most of them were on the floor, sprawling or lying. Even then, although no one was paying the slightest attention to me, I felt slightly embarrassed as I walked among them. To stand in one place without participating, would be like invading some-

one's privacy! I must do something.

One thing I knew full well—I had to catch up. And the only place for that was at the small corner bar where I grabbed two bourbons and flooded whatever it was that kept rising in my throat.

Not that I was sick or repelled at it all. Actually, I found it very stimulating and a hell of a lot more pleasant than otherwise. But as long as I was still sober, I got the feeling that this just wasn't my cup of fun.

I suppose whatever moral training we got as kids still sticks with us no matter how sophisticated we think we've become as adults. But, given enough liquor and enough desire, most of us manage to swallow it.

The two bourbons were enough liquor. As for the desire, well . . . A female voice behind me said, "You're Emil's friend, the writer."

She was not Gina nor Sophia or anything like the kind of girl that would come up behind James Bond and mutter in *his* ear. No, she was in her thirties and she could have used a little Metrecal, and her facial features would not have caused Rodin to seize the nearest rock and start chipping away. I have to be truthful.

But she was stacked like a World War I destroyer and her bulging bow turrets were cleared for action. Obviously she had not yet teamed up with anybody because her costume was still intact. Not that it would have taken much to make it otherwise. Two half dollar-sized "pasties" were stuck to her chest, and the rest consisted of a strand of pearls.

I looked at the pearls and, believe it or not, the only remark I could think of was that it must be kind of painful to walk. She agreed that it was, a little. "So why don't we go over and sit down?"

We each grabbed another drink and tiptoed to the nearest wall, and sat down with our backs against it. All around us couples were letting themselves go in complete abandon, oblivious to anyone else.

My companion said she and her husband were from Des Moines on a two-year engineering contract. They had been here a year and, like most resident foreigners, were bored stiff.

"The *Fasching* is the one bright spot," she said. "That and the winter sports. I know a lot of people back in the States consider these affairs immoral. Personally, I think that if they'd all unbend a little and adopt the same custom—I mean all out, like the *Fasching*—there might be less divorce, less year-round adultery, and less prostitution."

I agreed. In most primitive societies where *Fasching*-type practices are universal, the people seem to be, sexually speaking, *less* primitive and better adjusted than we are in many ways. But it's a big subject; I won't push it.

Anyway, my shapely partner and I didn't spend any more time in academic speculation. It's not the easiest thing to do when, all around you, dozens of couples are engaged in the various stages of lovemaking, many of them far beyond the point of no return.

"Speaking of winter sports," said the woman from Des Moines, "I haven't (*Continued on page* 88)

Costumes are ingenious, some take months to make. This net job scarcely hides wearer's charms.

Think she's underdressed? She's overdressed for a *Fasching* party.

The YANK Who SANK The SAMPAN FLEET

BY JACK BECKER

ILLUSTRATION BY VIC PREZIO

IT WAS ANCHORED OFF HONG KONG, LOADED WITH RED NARCOTICS FOR THE WEST, WHEN ONE MAN WITH ONE SUBMACHINE GUN SENT IT TO THE BOTTOM

■ Dan Colby spread his cards onto the black lacquered table and reached for the large pile of scattered chips at the center.

"Full boat," he said. "Aces over treys, my pot, gentlemen."

His fingers never touched the hard chips that represented better than a year's salary in the States. Instead, something heavy smashed into the back of his skull and plunged him into a black pit of unconsciousness.

When he awoke, the upper half of his body was stretched across the table. His hands were still reaching. There was a pain in the back of his head that seemed to send little tentacles of fire whipping through his brain. He sat up and probed gingerly with his fingers. He felt the crusty, dried blood that streaked his hair, then he touched the puffy swelling and winced. "Damn," he mumbled.

Dan Colby was a big man—six-feet-three, 225 pounds, with slab muscles and reflexes as fast as a switch-blade knife. He was thirty-one years old when he was black-jacked in the back room of a curio shop on Hong Kong's bustling Temple Street, in May of 1962—a long way from the Wisconsin farm on which he'd been raised.

He'd worked in the Oklahoma oil fields, fought in Korea, served a peace-time hitch as a drill sergeant, jockeyed trucks across the country, and worked at odd jobs in every major city in the United States. He was a wanderer, always dreaming of what lay beyond the next hill. He had a passion for poker, and he was good at it. As he drifted, he played cards. He was careful with his winnings, saving them for one big blow.

In the spring of 1961, he decided that the time had come, and so he took his bankroll, packed his bags and said good-bye to the U.S.A. He figured that one year of crossing and criss-crossing the world would be enough to satisfy his wanderlust once and for all.

Ten months later, he was in Hong Kong. His bankroll was down to $500 when Jamey Foxhill, a skinny Englishman he met in a waterfront bar, offered to introduce him to a high-stake game. Colby said yes.

Colby was no amateur. The pots were big and his opponents were fat chickens waiting to be plucked—he thought. That mistake almost earned him a fractured skull. It also left him penniless, except for the fifteen dollars he had stashed in his room.

In the teeming city of three-and-a-quarter million people, where the bulk of the population earned less than one U.S. dollar per day, Colby figured he could keep eating for about a week. After that . . .

He arose early the next morning and despite the throbbing pain in his head, shaved, put on his best suit and set out to look for a job. He tried the American and English firms first. Eight times he was told that his background couldn't qualify him for an office job, and as for manual labor, they could hire Chinese for sixty cents a day. The few Chinese firms he tried laughed at him.

By early evening, Dan Colby felt the stirrings of desperation. It was no longer a question of getting enough money to return to the States, but one of staying alive. For a moment he grew panicky, then he forced himself to relax. He needed a cool head to find the solution—if there was one. As he thought, he wandered, and before too very long he was deep into the Wang Chai tenement district.

He paused to watch three men in a shadowed doorway. They squatted together, moving burning candles under a little trough of tinfoil. Within the trough was a small drop of molten heroin—a powerful derivative of opium—and as the droplet rolled back and forth, the addicts craned their necks forward, inhaling the fumes. Colby was sickened by the sight.

Hong Kong has one-fifth of a

Hong Kong waterfront with its sampan traffic in Oriental narcotics.

SAMPAN FLEET/CONTINUED

million dope addicts. On one side are the opium fields of Red China, Thailand and Burma. On the other, the shipping lanes of the world. Hong Kong: International narcotics capitol.

Half an hour later, Colby arrived at Victoria Harbor's typhoon shelter. With only inches separating them, thousands of drab, weather-beaten sampans bobbed and bumped against each other. He bought a bowl of steamed rice topped with three small fish and sat at the edge of the retaining wall.

He was halfway through his meal when a neatly-dressed Chinese sat down beside him and said, "You look for work, yes?"

"How did you learn that?"

"A friend. Unimportant. You work for fifty dollars, American money?"

"Per week, or per month?" Colby said.

"Each day."

Colby set down the bowl of rice. "Doing what?"

"You want work, you come with me."

Forty-five minutes later, Dan Colby was in the drawing room of a three-story house in one of the wealthiest districts in Hong Kong. He knew enough about art to realize that the statuary and wood carvings that filled the room were museum pieces and that the bead curtain that hung in the opposite doorway was strung with solid jade.

A short, plump Chinese entered, looked Colby over from head to foot, then nodded. Behind the man was a woman, taller than he, and only part Chinese. She might have passed for an American if you didn't look closely. But if you were a male, it was imposible not to look closely. Her hair was jet-black, her face finely sculptured. Her breasts strained against the silk that covered them, full and proud. Beneath her slit skirt, Colby could see that her legs were long and tapered.

He tried not to stare.

"I am Chou. This Mei-Fong, my wife," the man said. "Tell me, have you ever killed a man?"

Colby saw that Chou was not joking.

"Sorry, but I've never been fond of murder."

"Dont' be a fool. I need a bodyguard," the man said.

"What's your business?"

"I am a—merchant. I am quite successful and therefore I am envied, and in some circles hated. You will share the responsibility with Lu, the man who brought you here. There is little work, but at times there might be danger. I offer you a good salary and the use of the rooms behind the kitchen."

Colby considered briefly. He'd taken greater risks for less money. In a couple of months, he'd have more than enough to get back to the States and to live on until he found a job.

He took the job.

The routine was simple. He alternated with Lu, accompanying Chou when the merchant left the house. When Chou walked, Colby followed ten feet behind. When Chou rode in the limousine, Colby sat beside the chauffeur. At business conferences, Colby posted himself at the door just out of earshot, but able to move in less than a second.

He had a large two-room suite with a private bath behind the kitchen. Above his bed was a small alarm bell connected with Chou's bedchamber.

At the end of the first week, Colby was lying on his bed, his imagination toying with the image of Mei-Fong in various states of nudity, when the alarm bell clanged.

In one motion, he swung his feet to the floor and seized his .45 from the nightstand. He raced through the kitchen, into the dining room, chambering a shell as he ran. He took the steps three at a time and on the third floor he burst into Chou's room and threw himself to the side, half-crouching, gun ready, eyes darting.

He saw Mei-Fong, standing by the bed, her hand next to the alarm button. Her lids were half-lowered, her lips pulled back in a cat-like smile. She wore a silk dressing gown, loosely tied at the waist. Colby could see the round swelling of her breasts.

"You are most efficient," she said, "but Chou is out. It will be several hours before he returns."

Her hand moved to her waist, and suddenly the folds of the dressing gown swung free. She stood for a moment, watching his eyes feast on her softness, then she shrugged delicately and the gown slipped from her shoul- (*Continued on page* 83)

IRISH SOLDIERS NEVER SAY DIE

BY PRIVATE THOMAS KENNY,
IRISH ARMY

THERE WAS NO HOPE. THERE WERE THREE ARROWS IN MY BODY. I WAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY BALUBA WARRIORS. THE REST OF THE PATROL HAD ESCAPED OR BEEN KILLED. IT WAS THE END . . .

■ There is no hope. Three arrows are in my body. I am completely surrounded by Baluba warriors. The rest of the patrol have escaped or died. It is the end.

If I get up, which I am not able, they'll kill me; if I lie here and say my prayers, they'll kill me. So why not go peacefully?

These were my thoughts as the frenzied cries grew louder and louder. The pain from the three arrows numbed my body as I lay in the swamp covered with mud.

I said my prayers. Closed my eyes. And waited to die. . . .

That Tuesday morning I had been full of the joys of life, as happy as any private can be in any army.

It was November 8, 1960, and I was nearly half way through my first six-month term of duty with the United Nations in the Congo. Yesterday had been my first wedding anniversary.

After breakfast, I had been wondering whether my young wife, Rosie, back in Dublin, would have got my letter, and I tried to imagine how our little baby, June, who had been two months old when I left, would look when I saw her again.

It had surprised everyone when I had volunteered for service in the Congo but, to me, it was the only opportunity I would ever get of fulfilling a lifelong ambition to travel. A couple of years earlier, before I was married, I had joined the Irish Army because I needed a good suit of clothes when taking my girl out on Sundays.

Needless to say, we were not well off, so the Congo, to me, was a holiday with pay and perhaps the chance of doing something to keep peace in the world.

I was bewildered when the giant transport plane landed us soldiers of A Company of the Thirty-third Battalion of the Irish Army in Katanga in August. All I could see was burned grass and sand.

But I was also thrilled with the chance of exploring new places and meeting different people. It soon became evident that it was no holiday.

A
B
C
D
E

IRISH SOLDIERS CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

It never is for a private. On duty, or on call, for twenty-four hours a day. But I enjoyed it, especially when we were sent out on guard duty, perhaps at a UN road block near the town of Kamina. There, Belgians, speaking French or even African, would try to convince us that we should let them pass and, as we knew only English, and perhaps Irish, it was often very funny indeed.

Most of the time was spent on guard duty at the UN base outside Kamina, but we did manage to get into the town one day to buy some souvenirs.

The natives welcomed us. Many of them spoke English and were very friendly. But the stall holders and traders knew the value of money. They reminded me of the street market in Moore Street, back in Dublin. It was just as hard to get bargains there in Africa.

After many spells of duty around this area of Katanga, we were sent to Niemba and arrived there on November 7, 1960. We were excited about the prospect of seeing new parts of the countryside.

On the fateful morning of November 8th, eleven of us set out in Land Rovers on a routine patrol to inspect the area we had come to guard. We had not been in action before and, while we were tense with excitement, none of us expected any trouble. As we drove along, I remember admiring the wonderful green trees with red fruit dangling from their branches; a river in a distant valley and the singing of the birds reminded me of Ireland.

We came to a big hole in the road which had been dug by hostile natives, and set to work with barrels and planks to repair the damage. This was just routine.

As we passed by a native village, two women came out and said something to Lieutenant Gleeson who said something to Sergeant Gaynor and they both laughed. (Continued on page 70)

The tree (A) blocked our retreat and the sabotaged bridge (B) cut us off in front. Down the road were Balubas, armed with clubs, pagna knives, bows and arrows and spears; some had used anthills as camouflage (D). It soon became clear that the trap was airtight (E).

$100 PRIZE WINNING ADVENTURE

SUKARNO'S JUNGLE JEZEBELS

WE FOUND OUR MEN MYSTERIOUSLY KNIFED—AND NAKED. AND THEN WE DISCOVERED THEIR KILLERS—WOMEN WHOSE WEAPONS WERE SEX

■ In the cool darkness of our verandah overlooking the Kalabakan River my partner, David Thomas, and I watched the twinkling lights on fishing praus headed downstream to Cowie Bay, eleven miles to the east. From the timber concession labor lines we could hear the mellow beat of gongs.

"Peaceful," Dave grunted.

The radio chattered. "Indonesian guerrillas crossed the border near Lumbis this morning. They were dispersed, at a cost of fifteen dead and twelve prisoners, by local militia who report one dead and three wounded. Guard posts on the southern border are cautioned to maintain strict alert." The sing-song Malaysian voice continued with personal messages.

"That's close," Dave said. "How was our post at Tanamerah?"

"Okay when I left," I answered. "No movement on the mountain.

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

Guard was bored with being away from their women, that's all."

"Speaking of women," Dave clapped his hands and Sani, his girl, entered with drinks. She was Javanese; bouncy, with merry, shoe-button eyes. Her black velvet sarong was slit to her right hip. A white silk *baju* barely confined plump breasts.

Behind her came a younger girl, tall, lithe as a panther, in a crimson sari that left one lemon-colored shoulder bare. Her hair, smooth as laquer, was parted in the middle and drawn to a bun on her neck. Her face was oval with only slightly thick lips, her eyes enormous and faintly slanted. She offered smoked shrimp on a bamboo tray, then backed away, eyes downcast.

"Well," I said, "where did she come from?"

"That's Maria, Sani's cousin from Tawao. Her father and mother are up the coast so she's spending her school vacation with Sani."

"H-m-m-m," I looked her up and down. "Not bad!"

At ten the radio signalled its nightly report from the concession guard post at Tanamerah on the border between Malaysian North Borneo and Indonesian Kalimantan.

"All's well," I yawned. "Think I'll turn in."

When I came out of the shower Maria was sitting on a mat beside my bed. She held back the mosquito net as I got into bed, then disappeared through the shower room doorway. In a few minutes she was back, naked, her slim body shining in the lamp light. Her small breasts rose and fell rapidly, and she smelled of lemons.

"Sani said I must please the *tuan*." Her voice was low.

"You do, honey, you do," I said. "Come in."

"Well," I told her some time later. "You're certainly experienced for a school girl."

"I am college student," she spoke with dignity. "My father is Hollander. We left Java when Sukarno took the land from us. Now we are of North Borneo. Sani says you are of America."

"And a long way from home," I answered.

My father, who had flown over the country with a Marine outfit, went back when the war was over. He and Dave Thomas, a Welshman, applied for a timber concession. The British North Borneo Company allotted them an area along the right bank of the Kalabakan River, from Sebitan Island at its mouth to a point twenty miles upstream, and stretching to the border of what was Netherlands Borneo. My father had died five years previously, just after I graduated from forestry school in Minnesota, and I came out to take over his share of the partnership. From the sawmill at Kalabakan and a shipping point opposite Sebitan Island on Cowie Bay we exported hardwoods, ebony and rattans.

When Malaysia took over the territory we were allowed to keep the concession on condition that we maintain a company of armed constabulary under Pertab Singh, a Gurkha sergeant, and four corporals. I was in command. They manned a post at Tanamerah, another opposite Sebitan and maintained a border patrol. (*Continued on page* 66)

BY THOMAS WEAVER

How to find:

TREASURE in your BACKYARD

■ When Michael Barry of Victor, New York, was a boy he hid his "valuable" belongings in an old stovepipe that had been disconnected in a second-floor bedroom. When Michael reached the ripe age of twelve he went exploring and took out a rusty wrench, a water pistol, and a dust-covered comic book which he had previously hidden and forgotten. Then he thrust his arm farther back in the pipe and drew out a glass fruit jar containing $700 in U.S. gold coins. The family then remembered that Michael's great-grandmother when in her eighties would rock in her chair and point to the ceiling and say, "There's gold up there." Sure enough, there was!

Edward Smith, an odd-job trucker was dumping debris in an empty lot in Brooklyn when he picked up an old kettle containing $5,162. He turned the money over to the police and when six months had passed with no claimants, Smith was happy to receive his found cash.

An Iowa farmer, T. T. Mead, tore down his old barn and while digging a foundation for a new building saw something shine in a spadeful of earth. It was a five-dollar gold piece. Digging deeper he unearthed $3,000, all in gold coins. Weeks said that there was no question but that the money was "cached" there by his father who had died a few years before.

The above treasure items are

BY ROBERT NESMITH
PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE, TREASURE LIES HIDDEN ALL AROUND YOU. YOU MIGHT FIND SOME OF IT BY ACCIDENT. MOST VALUABLE FINDS RESULT FROM CAREFUL RESEARCH AND INVESTIGATION OF LEADS, SAYS THIS INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN TREASURE EXPERT

Flowerpot full of silver dollars and double eagles found under a frying pan buried near the wall of a house.

At right: Old tools like these, taken from village dump are much in demand by antique collectors.

among thousands reported in every one of the fifty states. After you have read about many of them, a pattern of similarity appears. They are all small local finds buried here and there by people in all walks of life and possibly only ten per cent of such little treasures reaches the news. The other ninety per cent is never mentioned. Put them all together and you'll realize that more treasure lies around your home or the surrounding area than is buried at Fort Knox.

Here are some more:

A piece-of-eight dated 1788, in fine condition, was turned up in a yard by Junius Bird of Rye, New York. He was moving topsoil for an asparagus bed.

Carpenters in Chicago struck gold, platinum and diamonds when they tore up a floor in an office building. The space had been occupied by a jewelry firm for forty-two years, and when the new company took over they did their own salvaging. One square foot netted an ounce of gold, some platinum and diamond chips.

In Peoria, Illinois, workmen tearing down one of the most pretentious buildings in the area found $250 in gold, wrapped in musty paper. It was hidden in a secret panel in one of the solid oak rafters. The house, built in 1855, was the boyhood home of Governor Dunn.

George McCormick, a farmer near Abingdon, Virginia, found nearly 200 Mexican opals ranging in value from five to one hundred dollars. The stones were buried at the foot of an old tree.

In Peabody, Massachusetts, eight hundred (*Continued on page* 81)

At right: Cache of coins buried in basement of vacant house included 1885, 1886, flying eagle pennies.

Some of the loot found in square asbestos-lined pipe of old furnace.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER KASTEL

I found the JAGUAR PRINCESS

SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL SORCERESS, A LEGEND, UNTIL I DISCOVERED HER VERY REAL AND ALONE, LIVING IN THE JUNGLE OF ECUADOR

■ At the age of twenty-four, Pamela Hawkins has already become a legend throughout South America. Everyone, it seems, has heard of her, but only a handful of people have actually seen this alluring jungle woman. She lives alone on a sprawling hacienda, a veritable palace in the remote Rain Forest of the vast Amazon Basin.

The stories concerning her vary sharply. To some, she is a Circe, a beautiful young sorceress, who lures men to her jungle hideaway where they willingly become her slaves. To others, she is a lovely and lonely girl who, through circumstances beyond her control, has been forced to endure a primitive life in a green wilderness. Rumors abound to the effect that she is as savage as the untamed jungle, and as unpredictable and temperamental as the tawny spotted jaguar. To the Indians, who worship her very presence, Pamela is a "white witch doctor" who leads them in their paganistic sun-worshipping rituals.

Who is Pamela Hawkins? And why does she shun civilization?

Sensing one of the most dynamic stories in my career as an adventure-writer, I decided to go in search of this phantom-like creature. But it was a difficult task. It was also the

BY J. DOLINGER

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

beginning of a long and thrilling journey. I traveled endless days along treacherous rivers, working my way from village to village in the Ecuadorian Amazon, until finally I reached the realm of the "Jaguar Princess."

My first glimpse of Pamela Hawkins was at the edge of a torrential stream which I had to cross in order to reach her hacienda. Out of the fog and mist the "Jaguar Princess" emerged, like a beautiful apparition, in a rickety old cable car.

Pamela waved her hand in greeting, and moments later, we had become friends. I was the first white person she had seen in many years, and she begged me to stay with her indefinitely. I told her my reason for coming—that I wanted her true life story, told in her own words. At first, she demurred, but finally, under my insistent prodding, she agreed to give an honest and factual account of her life in the Amazon Jungle.

No matter what others may have said in the past, the fact remains that I found Pamela to be beautiful, alluring, sensitive, and poignantly lonely. She suffers from the lack of love—the love of a man who is willing to forsake civilization and share her jungle paradise. I couldn't. Could you?

This, in her own words, is the story of Pamela Hawkins, whom the Indians call *"Shia Shia Nua,"* the "Jaguar Princess."

* * *

By all standards of modern civilization, I suppose I could be classified as wealthy and affluent. From my jungle warehouses come the pelts of thousands of jaguars, ocelots and wild pigs, together with innumerable snake and crocodile skins—shipped all over the world.

At this moment, fashionable women in New York, London, Rome and Paris are carrying alligator purses made from my hides. If you are wearing a jaguar sports coat with matching accessories, it is most likely that the skins are from animals shot by my Indians with their blowguns, and bows-and-arrows.

But this represents only a small part of my total assets. It takes nearly a month, traveling by canoe, to follow the boundaries of my jungle domain—roughly, it covers over 500 square miles.

A female naturalist once took this photo of Pamela Hawkins crossing her jungle river in a rickety old cable car.

In my empire on the outer fringes of Ecuador and touching the Colombian border, I employ 1,500 Indians from a dozen different tribes. Some cultivate the land where I have over twenty-seven varieties of tropical fruit to whet the most capricious appetite. Other Indians scour the jungle and bring back daily quotas of animals. Still others, armed with machetes, tap the wild rubber trees, the sap of which is later turned into huge balls of crude rubber and shipped abroad.

Since the death of my father, Peter Hawkins, a year ago, I, at the age of twenty-four, have become the owner of probably the largest jungle empire in all South America. It has now become my sole responsibility, but having lived in the jungle since childhood I do not mind. In fact, I passionately love every minute of it.

Certainly, I am not an ordinary girl. Although I have a wardrobe of Paris gowns, it may surprise you to know that I have never worn any of them. I prefer to live the life of a native. I go barefoot because I hate shoes. Most of the time I wear only a loin cloth of jaguar skin, but in the presence of strangers who occasionally visit me, I cover my breasts with leis of flowers, or an Indian adornment made from the feathers of parrots and macaws. My Indians call me *"Shia Shia Nua,"* which means "Jaguar Princess," and I am proud of the title they have bestowed upon me.

Pamela has expensive clothes but prefers jaguar skin and feather halter.

As a young man, my father was a professor of foreign languages at one of Australia's leading universities. While he was still at the university, he married a young girl of Spanish ancestry. My mother died when I was born. After her death, my father carried on with his work for a little while, but at the end of a year, he resigned his post and sailed for Lima, Peru.

We stayed there for several years and my father grew to love this vast primitive country. While he disappeared for months at a time in the deep Rain Forest, I was left in the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in a beautiful convent on the outskirts of Lima. One day after an extended stay in the impenetrable bush, he returned, his brown eyes alight with excitement, and he told me he had purchased a "Garden of Eden." It would be our home, he said, where we would begin a new life far removed from civilization.

I soon learned the language of my Indian friends and played with them daily in the deep jungle. They also taught me the lore of the untrammeled wilderness. Soon I was able to distinguish the harmless snakes from those whose bite meant sudden death. We watched dozens of ugly black crocodile-like *caiman* as they basked on the riverbank in the noonday sun. But there was beauty, too. Lying on a grassy slope in the cool shade of a flowering *situlli* tree, I watched thousands of macaws flying overhead, temporarily turning the azure blue sky into a green mist. There was a never-ending variety of tropical birds, and delicately-colored butterflies.

One morning, while wandering alone down a jungle trail, I had the thrilling experience that gave me my name of "Jaguar Princess." Scarcely a half-mile from home, I was watching a swarm of translucent blue butterflies when I suddenly heard the plaintive cry of a kitten. Peering intently through the bushes, I saw a small yellow bundle of fur.

I was right—it was a kitten, which had evidently strayed from its mother. I picked it up in my arms,

and sitting down on the trail, began stroking its soft fur. Soon, its pitiful cries turned into a purr. So intent was I with my new-found discovery that I failed to hear a low growl.

Suddenly I felt a hot, fetid breath upon my neck and turning, looked into the yellow eyes of a giant jaguar, the mother of the small cat I was holding so tenderly. I should have been frightened, but I had become so much a part of nature that I had developed a feeling of kinship with all living creatures. The big cat, feared by all hunters as one of the most dangerous animals in the Amazon, rubbed against my shoulder, and seeing that her offspring was unharmed, sat down beside me. I ran my fingers through her luxuriant coat and talked to her. All at once, I heard a muffled shriek behind me. Ajuana, my Indian maid, had come in search of me. Seeing the unbelievable sight, she had become hysterical and turning back toward the house, gave the alarm. At this moment, I stood up and after giving the baby kitten a parting kiss, set it down carefully on the trail and walked toward the house. I saw the mother jaguar pick up her cub by the back of its neck and disappear into the jungle. I hoped I would meet them again.

Half way home I met my father. He and a dozen Indians were running down the trail in my direction—all heavily armed with shotguns, machetes, and other weapons.

Father's face paled as he crushed me in his arms and it wasn't until years later he finally explained that when he'd heard the news of my actually sitting alongside a giant jaguar, he was convinced that I would be dead before he could rescue me. I became the "Jaguar Princess."

Slowly, but surely, over the following years, I assumed a duel nature. Under the guidance of my father I became a young lady, and through study and training, learned about the outside world. By the time I was fourteen, I was able to read all of Dumas' books in French. But I could also bring down a wild jungle turkey at 200 paces with my blowgun and poisoned darts. I was taught drawingroom etiquette, learned to dance and could curtsy as well as any young society girl in London. But under the blood-red jungle moon,

The Jaguar Princess still waits for an adventurer to share her empire.

I would join the Indians as they performed their sensual ancient tribal dances—civilization completely forgotten.

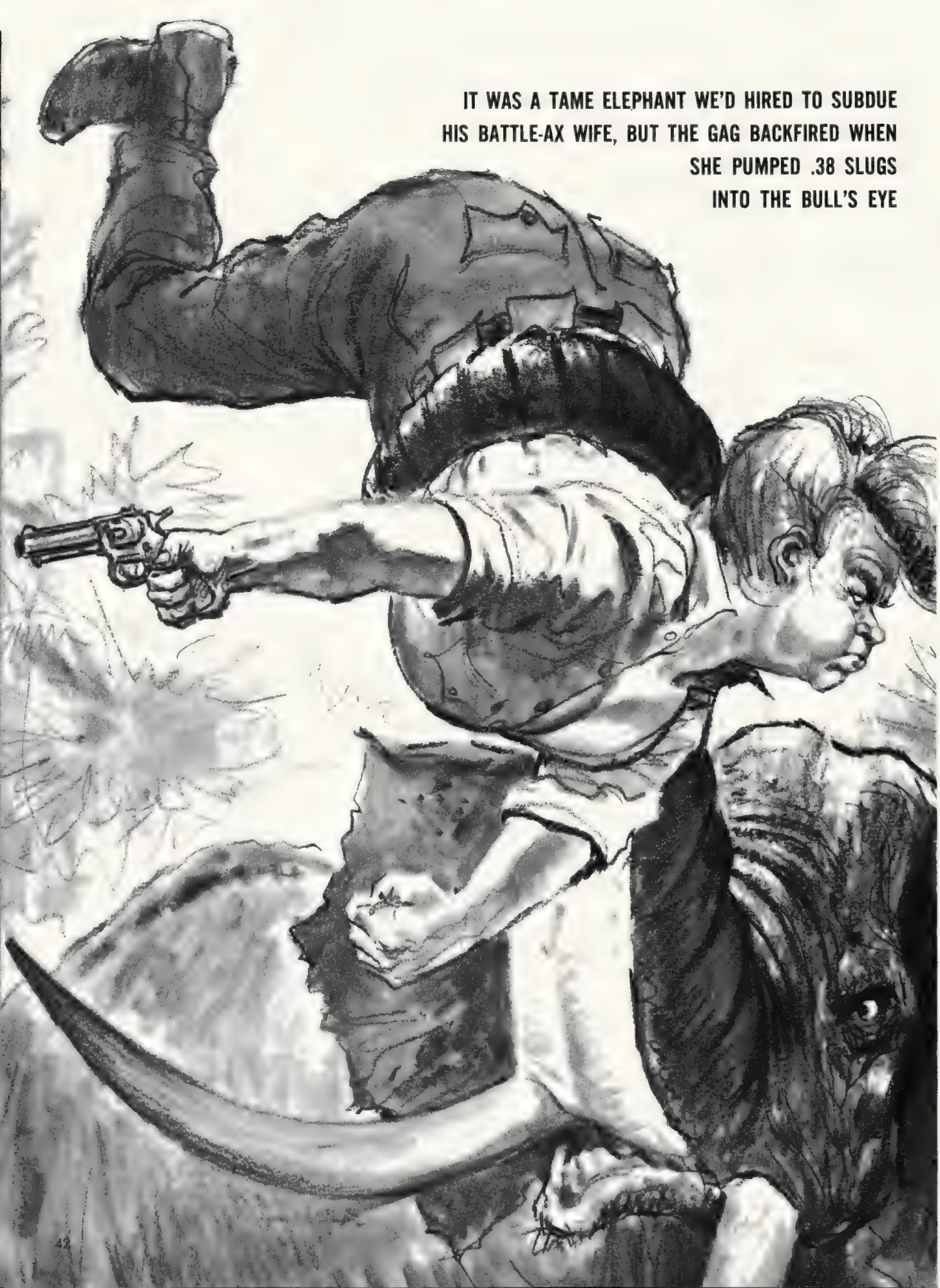
And then one day this stage of my life suddenly passed, and for the first time, I secretly began to admire the lithe brown bodies of the handsome young Indian men around me. Unknowingly, I had reached womanhood.

Gone forever were those carefree days when I swam nude in the river. I was now forced to obey certain sexual taboos, some of which I thought foolish. For example, I could bathe only with the Indian women, although it was perfectly permissible for the men to sit on the riverbank and watch as we cavorted in the water.

The sex life of the Indian was a natural and simple process. At the age of twelve, girls matured into womanhood and became eligible for marriage. There was no such thing as courtship, or the tawdry niceties of the civilized world. Kissing was unheard of. An ideal husband-to-be was one who was proficient at hunting and fishing, for a man had to feed not only his wife but also many of her relatives.

When the time came for a young couple to enter the bonds of matrimony, they went to the tribal witch doctor who performed a pagan ritual. This varied as to tribe, but always included a mysterious potion made from the juices of jungle herbs, which both bride and groom had to consume in order to assure the man of long-lasting virility and the woman of fertility. The dominant factor in the lives of all Amazonian Indians can be summed up in one word—procreation. Woe to the young Indian wife who cannot produce a child every year!

Divorce was as simple as marriage, and there were a dozen different ways. One of the most unusual was called the "stick" divorce. Whenever an Indian tired of his wife, it was his privilege to take a small stick and beat her on the buttocks. Her shrieks were easily heard in the village and everyone came running to watch the fun. After just a few minutes, the beating stopped and the divorce was final. Both (*Continued on page* 79)


IT WAS A TAME ELEPHANT WE'D HIRED TO SUBDUE
HIS BATTLE-AX WIFE, BUT THE GAG BACKFIRED WHEN
SHE PUMPED .38 SLUGS
INTO THE BULL'S EYE

SECRET of the TUSKER KILL

■ Mrs. Alberta Graves-Carpenter was no featherweight. She was a solid 310 pounds stripped—we had Mr. Brian Graves-Carpenter, her husband, to thank for that statistic. But as far as the bull elephant was concerned, she might as well have been stuffed with straw. He lapped his trunk around her midriff and hauled her into the sky, waving her back and forth triumphantly. It looked as though Alberta had finally met her match, only it wasn't funny! The tusker's eyes were shooting fire. He was mad as hell and was going to kill her!

At that moment she began to squawk in that rasping, very un-feminine voice we had learned to know only too well, and at its first note I felt Brian, hiding beside me in the grass, start to get the shakes. This didn't alarm me; her voice always had that effect on him. But we had to do something—and fast—to stop that elephant from murder. None of us had weapons, not even Charlie Gibson who was crouching at my other side. We hadn't figured we'd need them. This whole thing had been planned as a gag, but it was backfiring. I felt sick because it had been my idea to hire the *mahout* and his bull to put a scare into Mrs. Graves-Carpenter.

It was exactly thirteen years ago when Charlie and I went to Uttar Pradesh in northern India to hunt tiger. In recent years the Indian *shikars* have become almost as well organized as the African *safaris*, but in those days it was a case of every man for himself. You had to scout around for a good *shikari*, or guide, and trek into the jungle, sleeping in tents and living on small game, black bread and coffee like syrup. Of course there were lots of natives who were happy to accompany you—for a fee—but most of them succeeded in being more of a hindrance than a help. We considered ourselves fortunate therefore in making a friend of a British Colonial one evening in Calcutta who offered to help us.

"Ah, yes—tiger! Beastly things! Can't understand why the Lord ever made them. But they *are* good sport, what? Friends of mine are going shooting. Why don't you join them?"

It sounded like an excellent suggestion, and thus it was we were introduced to the Graves-Carpenters of Brighton-on-Thames. When we first met them they both were dressed in hunting clothing and it actually was difficult to tell which was Mr. and which Mrs., but close inspection revealed that Brian's mustache was a bit heavier than his wife's. Other than that, superficially their sexes seemed amazingly reversed. Alberta was big-framed, built like a blocking fullback of the Chicago Bears, and her six-foot height made us feel slightly awkward since Charlie and I are about five-nine. However, her size couldn't have cowed us as much as it did Brian who was a little wisp of a man, scarcely five feet tall with just about enough flesh to cover his bones. His eyes were the most startling feature of his appearance; they popped so the whites showed all around—the kind of eyes you'd expect to see on a person who has had a terrifying experience he has never quite forgotten. I must confess we were slightly bug-eyed ourselves as Alberta strode forward to shake our hands.

"Pleasure, gentlemen," she said in a mild baritone. "My husband . . ." she waved toward him and he nodded slightly.

In the ensuing hour, she told us about tigers and it was obvious she knew what she was talking about. However, when we began to respond enthusiastically, she checked us and continued to direct the conversation, almost as a grade-school teacher firmly and sternly controls children who she fears might get out of hand. I prefer to think that the woman's personality did not overpower us, but that we let her have her own way because of our respect for the weaker sex. I am sure that the only reason we consented to go hunting with them was that we were completely intrigued by this fantastic couple and wanted to find out more about them.

The next day we left for Uttar Pradesh in their lorry. Brian did the driving, which was a surprise because I fully expected Alberta would take over that function, also. We were greatly amused at the way she told him practically everything to do when to turn, go faster, slow down—and how he obeyed exactly. It wasn't quite as funny, however, when I took (*Continued on page* 86)

BY GIL PAUST

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB POWELL

PARIS: Cheapest clubs have eye-popping shows.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN TOURIST IS NO LONGER A MIDDLE-AGED MILLIONAIRE CHOMPING A FAT CIGAR — HE'S A YOUNG HIPSTER WITH A SINGLE SUITCASE, A FEW BUCKS AND A LOVE FOR ADVENTURE. AND HE FINDS IT. HERE'S HOW HE DOES IT—

by JIMMY DEE
PHOTOS FROM U.P.I.

ADVENTURE on a SHOESTRING

■ The stylish blonde in the peekaboo topless smiled expensively at me. Like the champagne being poured by the headwaiter, she was way beyond my budget. Actually, even a hamburger would have been astronomically beyond my budget at that moment—if you could have gotten a hamburger in Hamburg, which you can't.

Swiftly my eye added up the damages. The smokey, blue-lit gloom in which the posh night spot was bathed (atmosphere): twenty marks, cover charge. The *bossa nova* being played by a suave quintet billed as legitimately out of New York: another twenty, minimum. The champagne: forty marks; the headwaiter: thirty; the blonde, who had now snuggled up against me and was softly stroking the back of my neck with a gloved hand—200 marks, and worth every pfennig of it. Total: 320 DM (Deutsche Mark)—eighty-four U.S. bucks.

I rubbed the two fifty-pfennig coins in my pocket together hopefully, but they remained two fifty-pfennig coins worth a combined total of exactly 100 pfennigs or 1 Deutsche Mark (twenty-five U.S. lousy cents).

"Wie geht es Ihnen, Liebchen?" murmured the blonde, nibbling my earlobe. "How goes it, sweetheart?"

Better cool it, baby, thought I to myself, and not exactly tell her yet how badly it was going. Things like how I'd begun my two-month tour of Europe with about one buck more than tonight's tab in my pocket; how my traveller's checks had been lifted off me as I'd dozed aboard the North-West Express bound for Hamburg from Amsterdam, and how right now I had to my name only these two coins to rub together . . .

The blonde's gloves had come off. She was really getting down to business. She had me pressed back against the booth's leopard-skin upholstery with such hunger that I almost popped my eyeballs. I'd heard plenty about Hamburg's famous St. Pauli nightclub district since I'd hit Europe. Most of the talk described it as the last bastion in the world of the anything-goes philosophy. I knew now that the talk was no exaggeration.

But still, that multiplying tab lurked somewhere in the back of my brain, ruining everything. The blonde sensed it. She pulled away irritably.

"Look, can't you put a little more into it?" she snapped in English.

It looked like time to level with her. "I guess I should have mentioned this sooner," I began, wondering how to explain about the guy outside the American Express office who'd directed me to this club with a promise I could get a night's work that wouldn't violate my visa's

VIENNA: Here are girls attired in the very latest fashions, and no one thinks topless gown unusual.

VENICE: In this quaint town, even elephants (background) get into the act in nightclub shows.

LONDON: One of these with dinner: only $8.00.

restrictions against laboring for profit in the Federal Republic. And then, deciding there was no way to soften it, I simply blurted out, "Look, actually I came here to find work . . ."

"Well, what the hell do you think you're doing now?" she demanded, gesturing over my shoulder.

I swung around. A couple of dozen eyeballs—most of them belonging to members of the U.S. fleet—were pressed against the front window, avidly following our every move!

A slow grin of realization spread across my face. So it hadn't been a language mixup after all that had caused the headwaiter to direct me to the blonde's table when I had asked earlier about a job. This was it! I was a come-on for the sidewalk crowds!

"For this I actually get paid?" I murmured, enthusiastically sweeping Miss Peekaboo back into my arms. . .

Well, perhaps not in cash, I found out later. That *would* have violated my visa's restrictions. But the champagne, the dinner we had after the club closed and, eventually, even Miss Peekaboo herself—all were on the house. Still, that didn't solve my immediate problem—a desperate need for enough dough to tide me over until I could get reimbursed for my stolen travelers's checks. Like a jerk, I hadn't keep a record of their serial numbers and the bank's Hamburg office had told me it might take up to a week to receive payment.

When I told Miss Peekaboo my predicament over breakfast in her *Reeperbahn* flat (her name was actually Inga), she asked, "Can you accompany yourself on the guitar?"

"Accompany myself? Are you kiddin'? I can't even sing."

But apparently that didn't matter. That next night, outfitted with dark glasses, a false beard, turtleneck sweater and guitar, I found myself folk-singing in a smoky cellar café beneath St. Pauli's main drag.

"It doesn't matter what you sing," Inga told me as she'd shown me how to strum a single note over and over on the guitar, "as long as it's in English and out of tune. Keep your voice low as if what you're singing has great significance."

I was a big hit. Ran all week, billed as "Johnny Meson, U.S. Volk Singer Explosiv." I made enough to meet all expenses in style. As a matter of fact, I was kind of sorry when it was over. Meanwhile, the bank had come through with my reimbursed checks and I had to get moving as I'd already used up nine of my fifty-four precious days.

"Tour Europe for two months for only $320!!"

Friends and acquaintances back home in Michigan had roared in disbelief when I'd first told them of my plans. "You must be off your rocker! Why, with that kind of money you'll be lucky if Customs even allows you ashore!"

When I explained that my round-trip fare also had to come out of the $320 they just turned away with that don't-wire-me-for-money stranded look.

Actually, these people just weren't with the travel bit. And they weren't because—to put it simply—they were thinking of foreign travel as it had been ten to

HAMBURG: You can watch strippers dress through one-way mirrors.

fifteen years earlier. Today the camera-toting, sports-shirt-wearing American tourist who has no intention of sharing his bathroom with a whole hotel, the kind of guy who stands chomping on a cigar in front of the Mona Lisa or complaining about foreign plumbing and spicy foods, exists manly in cartoonists' imaginations.

His place has been taken by a younger, far less affluent crowd who cross the ocean by charter flight rather than by ship; who carry a single battered suitcase (or sometimes just a knapsack) instead of steamer trunks; who travel by second-hand scooter or their thumb, and who pass up the Ritz every time for a third-class hotel or sleeping bag.

In one very important respect, however, I differed from this newer crowd. I'm a guy who likes his comforts. These include liquor and women. And I had no intention of going to Europe to live like a monk. And because I'd listened more carefully than most people to the tales of returning hipsters, and because I'd actually taken down notes, I was convinced I could tour Europe on as lavish a basis as any of the old-style tourists—and for barely any money down, certainly none to pay later.

I think I was successful. The reader can judge for himself. Meanwhile, here's my first tip for the poor man's rich tour:

The only way to travel to Europe is by charter flight. Forget about freighters; they're exorbitant, booked months in advance and take too long. But if a club or organization rents (or "charters") a plane and crew from one of the major airlines, and then splits the cost among the eighty-or-so members making the trip, it can reduce the *round-trip* fare from New York to most points in Europe to as little as $240.

There are certain regulations which must be met in charter flying. To begin with, only groups which have not been formed for the express purpose of travel can charter a plane. So you and your buddies can't get together and form (*Continued on page* 74)

AMSTERDAM: Showgirls don't have red cheeks, wear wooden shoes.

ADVENTURE GIRL

in

STEREO

●

You're Seeing it *first* in Adventure

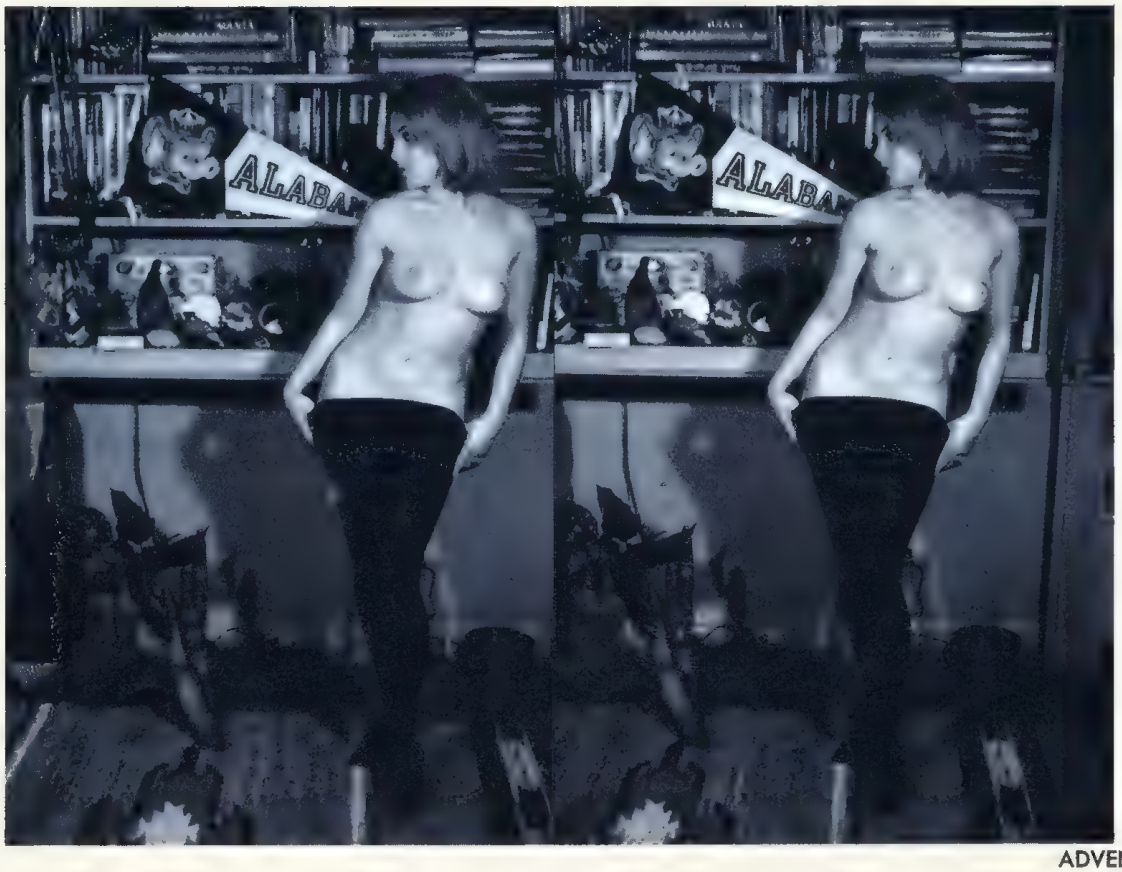
here's how to see her in 3 dimensions

■ Due to the interest shown in this stereo feature by the readers of ADVENTURE, the editors are pleased to present No. 3 in the series. This month the ADVENTURE girl is Heli Haga, who is a staunch Alabama fan and says she knew all the time that the Crimson Tide would make the Orange Bowl.

On these pages are five different pairs of photos of Heli. Here's how to see her in stereo without special glasses or gadgets. Hold a piece of stiff paper or cardboard, about 12 or 15 inches high, upright along the center line of one of the pairs, as shown in the drawing. Place the magazine page so both photos receive equal illumination with no shadows. Now place your face above the cardboard so it separates the lines of vision of your two eyes; in other words, so your right eye will be looking only at the right-hand photo and your left eye at the left-hand photo. First you will see the two blurred images. Try to focus your eyes on them, to see them more clearly. They will begin to move together. Try harder and suddenly the amazing mechanism of your brain will bring them together completely. The result will surprise you. There will be Heli in three dimensions, just as though she were posing for you in real life. It's simpler to do than it seems. If you don't succeed immediately, keep trying. It will come. Varying the distance between your eyes and the photos sometimes helps.

(Turn page)

STEREO GIRL CONTINUED



ALABAMA
ALABAMA

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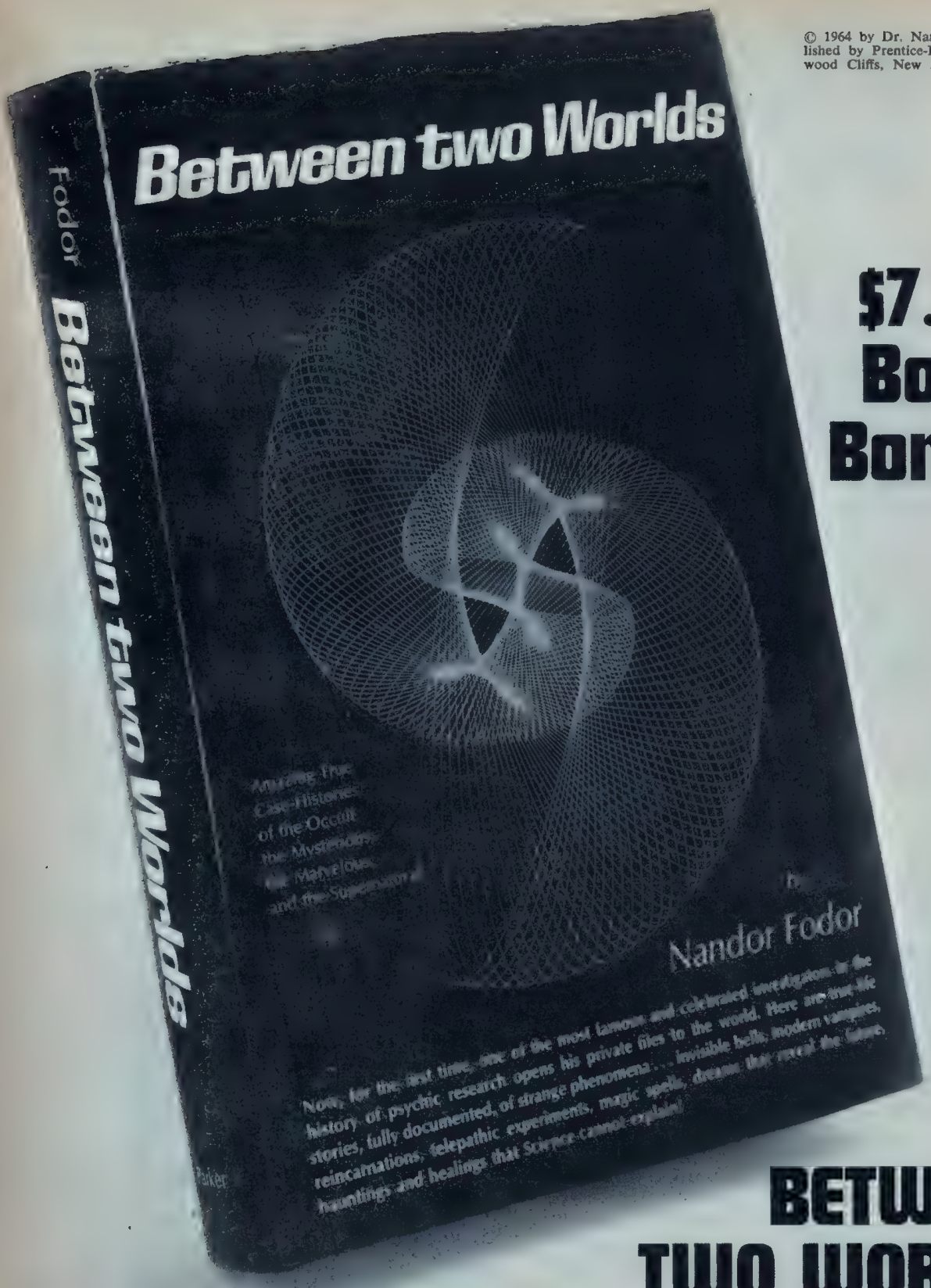

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BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

AMAZING TRUE CASE HISTORIES OF THE OCCULT, THE MYSTERIOUS, THE MARVELOUS AND THE SUPERNATURAL

BY NANDOR FODOR

■ Our dictionaries define transfiguration as a change of form or outward appearance, and quote from the Gospels the scene on the mountain where Christ's face "did shine as the sun and his raiment was white as light." (Matthew 17-2) The scene was witnessed by Peter, John and James; they saw Moses and Elias next to Jesus and were filled with exaltation.

No better introduction can be found to a discussion of transfiguration than its interpretation by parapsychology. It no longer means an ambition to reach the gods but it does involve a plastic genius for assuming the bodily characteristics of deceased people in order to put them in contact with the living. It is a form of mediumship that in earlier years was very popular in England. Its best exponent was Mrs. E. F. Bullock of Levenshulme, Manchester, who in an illumination of red light thrown into her face, used to change into a Chinaman. She was in trance, of course, and the Chinaman was one of her spirit-guides and acted as a go-between for the audience. The transfiguration of Mrs. Bullock's face was said to be due to a thin cloud of "ectoplasm" that her body emitted and the red light was said to be necessary because this emanation was too sensitive to white light.

I first saw Mrs. Bullock's demonstration in the summer of 1934 at a meeting of the Great Metropolitan Spiritualist Association in London. I sat at a distance of about fifteen feet and my impression was that the lower part of her face became an amorphous mass, that there was an ebb and flow over her face and that new features were forming in place of her normal ones. I was not allowed to leave my seat and approach her for a clearer view.

I invited her to a demonstration before the International Institute for Psychical Research for the purpose of taking infra-red flashlight photographs of her facial transformations. The demonstration proved to be highly successful. Standing on the platform against a black background in a black surplice (which left only her head and hands visible) in front of a 25-watt red lamp shining in her face, Mrs. Bullock showed a series of remarkable changes of countenance. There was a Chinaman, a Japanese girl, a bearded man, another one with a moustache, an alleged African with a ring in the nose, a man fallen in action during the war with a circular wound in the forehead and several others, and the representations were so impressive that they called forth exclamations of wonder from the audience.

The weakness of the demonstration was that the light source used by Mrs. Bullock could cast strange shadows that could be considerably varied by the movement of her head and the play of her facial muscles. She happened to have a very flexible set of features and it was obvious that with due practice her face could easily assume a Chinese cast. Joey Brown had sent me a series of photographs on which he had done the same without any claim to mediumship or ectoplasmic assistance.

However, the study of the light and shade effects and the belief that she was an intermediary for spirit communication alone promised sufficient rewards for a close investigation.

On this occasion I was sitting at a distance of two yards from the medium. I saw nothing that would have suggested ectoplasm or other alien matter. But I saw a moustache. There were shouts from the audience when it appeared. It was formed, I could well see, by the shadow cast by the pursing of her upper lip. I saw a beard too. It was no more substantial than the moustache. The wrinkles of Mrs. Bullock's neck shimmered in the red light and seemed to flow straight from the raised chin. The ring in the nose of the African was represented by a circular depression of the skin from nose downward, the wound on the forehead by a round swelling.

It was a highly dramatic performance. Leon M. Lion, the well-known theatrical producer, was my guest at the demonstration, and paid Mrs. Bullock the compliment: "Whatever the cause, we must pay tribute to the effect."

The camera made Mrs. Bullock nervous. We could only take four photographs. The Chinaman was excellent. The audience did not imagine the Chinese cast. It was there. There was a vapor around the right hand which followed the shape of the hand and appeared to start one-eighth of an inch away from the surface. Mr. Leon Isaac, the Institute's official photographer, could not account for it photographically. He was emphatic that it was not due to a photographic defect.

The other three photographs were less impressive. The moustache was clearly not a moustache but I could see how, with red illumination from underneath, it could suggest one. There was a problem though in the fourth picture. It was of "Moonie," an African spirit-guide. It showed a curious surging white cloud over the black surplice under the neck. This cloud was not seen during the demonstration, is absent from all other photographs and was not due to a fault in the plate or process of development. Could it have been "ectoplasm?"

The experiments clearly were worth continuing. The following day we sat for our first infra-red cinema picture and for infra-red and ultra-violet "stills." Something unusual happened during the demonstration. I called attention to a shaft of shimmering light that appeared, like a transparent curtain, on the right-hand side of Mrs. Bullock's face. The next impression was an enormous drooping moustache which instantly suggested the picture of Arthur Conan Doyle. The moustache was seen by others before I spoke. Hence, it could not have been an illusion on my part alone. The shaft of light which originated the impression had a direction of its own, and appeared to move downward. That is to say, it did not come from the light box.

Now we had a problem again: Was the shaft of light an ectoplasmic phenomenon seen by a reflection of visible red rays from a cloud of material particles? Would it be transparent to the longer wave-length employed for the flash exposure? In that case it could not be recorded on a photograph by infra-red. The moustache could have been there, but was absent as far as a photographic record was concerned.

This was a speculation in favor of the medium because, as we soon found out, the change of her features did not require ectoplasm. After white light had been restored Mrs. Bullock changed into a Chinaman in full (*Continued on next page*)

visibility. The effect was very striking and it spoke well for her honesty, suggesting that her features could be controlled by both conscious and unconscious efforts and that the conscious change did not in the least dispose of the psychological problems presented by her religious devotion and mediumistic efforts.

One of our scientists, Mr. W. T. L. Becker, Managing Director of Color Photographs, Ltd. and a member of our Council, was asked for a statement of what he observed. This is what he said:

"Changes began and the medium's face appeared to be plastic as if it were dough being kneaded by invisible hands; alternatively, there may have been a rippling of the facial muscles under the skin, such as one notices under the skin of a tiger or a cat about to pounce on prey. The lips remained parted by approximately the same distance, whilst the upper lip lengthened and became less fleshy or thinner. I had an impression of pulsation of the lips or alteration from thick to thin and also of a ripple as of smoke running vertically up and down from the upper lip to nose and sometimes also from lower lip to chin, just prior to some of the important changes in configuration. After this preliminary kneading, the eyebrows rose sharply, the eyes slanted, and the Chinese face arrived, the transformation being complete in a few seconds: as if the tiger suddenly had sprung. The whole of the change was utterly remote from any conception of conscious or unconscious grimace. I saw no lines or wrinkles or contraction of specific group of muscles but simply a kneading or plasticity of the whole. It may be that a grimace in slow motion would give a similar effect, but it is quite outside normal experience."

Our physicist adviser, J. B. Hoper, M.Sc., stated of the appearance of the Chinaman:

"The Chinese face appeared as the first of the three or four definite forms produced during the demonstration. This came very suddenly, the eyes, eyebrows, cheeks and chin changing simultaneously. The face appeared to be that of an old man, very much wrinkled, especially about the chin. The chin had that wizened form reminding one of a monkey, the shape of the lips adding to this illusion. Nevertheless, the figure produced was that of a Chinese, and a very good representation, too."

Both this Chinaman and another one were successfully photographed by infra-red. Indeed, the picture of the second Chinaman gave us a rare thrill. On the right side of the face a long, wide, straight-cut moustache appeared to be hanging. Unhappily, on closer examination and comparison with the first infra-red still photograph taken that afternoon the moustache turned out to be the collar of the medium's dress, escaping from the black surplice and touching the Chinaman's chin at a critical point. The effect was so deceptive that I wondered whether it was purely accidental or whether, in answer to our desire to photograph the moustache, the medium's unconscious produced, by the most economical means, the result we hoped for.

The ultra-violet "stills" turned out to be puzzling, too. In the ghastly greenish-blue fluorescent light nothing was visible in the medium's lap or over her face, yet the photograph of her Zulu spirit-guide showed markings that indicated a flattened nose, tufts of hair over the lips and the mockery of a beard. No explanation was forthcoming for these strange effects. The light was striking Mrs. Bullock full in the face and she could have had no knowledge how things would photograph in ultra-violet light. But fluorescence plays strange tricks. We hoped to settle our problems by an infra-red cinema film. Two days later we shot it successfully by improved lighting and with a noiseless cine-camera.

The film was 400 feet long. I showed it at the Oslo Psychical Research Congress in August 1936. It made quite an impression as far as the facial changes were concerned, but it showed no alien matter on her face. (We made her wash it and rub it with a rough towel before the experiment.)

The following day we photographed the Chinaman again. The result was odd. His nose was sharp and unmoved, but the skin of the face was in a heaving, rippling movement. We did have results for our labour but not enough to settle the problem of transfiguration. However, I have elicited one piece of information which seemed to bear, quite definitely, on a biological mystery. Mrs. Bullock told me that during the transfiguration process she had the positive sensation of a hand massaging her womb. This had lent support to a finding that has rarely been publicized in parapsychological research: that the medium draws on her sexual energies for the production of such phenomena, that she acts as if she actually were to give "birth" to the phantoms that lead researchers on such a heart-breaking chase.

THE COCOS ISLAND MYSTERY

A recent outbreak of interest in treasure-hunting on Cocos Island sent me searching through papers I had preserved from my old days of psychical research in England. I read the book, "The Lost Treasure of Cocos Island," by Ralph Hancock and Julian A. Weston, which had renewed interest in the perennial mystery of what has happened to the immense treasures hidden on a scrap of land 550 miles due west from Panama City, and I compared its latest finding with my unpublished writing on the quest for treasure there which Sir Malcolm Campbell (then Captain Campbell) had undertaken in 1926. My writing also told about two mediums through whose help I had tried to find the location of the treasure on Cocos Island, which Sir Malcolm Campbell so conspicuously failed to find. Yes, it would be worthwhile at least to publish the contents of my old paper, for as Hancock and Weston conclusively show, somewhere in the steaming jungle of Cocos Island lies the greatest treasure hoard on earth, yet in 140 years, expedition after expedition has failed to find a trace of it. Under the circumstances any possible clue should be given.

The consensus is that there are three treasure troves on Cocos Island, and this is what Sir Malcolm Campbell believed when I happened to travel with him in 1933 from London to Budapest on the Orient Express. We were bound for an international newspaper congress where the great speed king—Sir Malcolm was the first man to travel over 300 miles per hour in an automobile—was to represent Lord Rothermere and the

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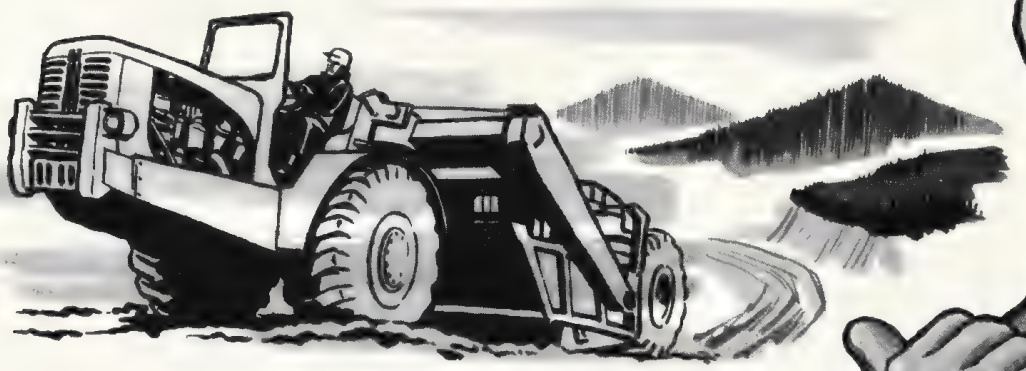

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Daily Mail. He gave me his book, "My Greatest Adventure" (1931), to read, and talked freely, as the Orient Express sped along, about the mystery of Cocos Island:

"The first [treasure trove] is that of Captain Edward Davis, a partner with Damphier in his privateering adventures, when he blockaded the Bay of Panama and sacked the City of Léon in Nicaragua in 1685."

Hancock and Weston add to the Davis story:

"Captain Davis and his men made Cocos Island their headquarters and raided the coast of New Spain from Baja, California to Guayaquil. From time to time the *Bachelor's Delight* was joined by the ships of other freebooters. . . . All these made stops at Cocos Island to bury the plunder of their raids. And when one considers the tons of silver ingots, the chests stuffed with jewels and pieces-of-eight, and the leathern bags filled with gold that must have been buried all over the island, the marvel is that so little of its has ever been found."

Captain Davis "surrendered to his Majesty's mercy," accepted the amnesty offered to all pirates by King James II, and retired to Virginia to await a chance to return to Cocos Island and recover his treasure. He finally started back in a small ship, took to piracy along the way, and mysteriously disappeared.

The second treasure trove was deposited on Cocos Island by Captain Benito Bonito, the notorious "Bonito of the Bloody Sword." He operated in the waters off Central America in the years 1818-1820 and is thought to have buried several large fortunes on Cocos. In 1819 his cutthroat crew came ashore and hijacked a rich cargo of gold that was being taken from Mexico City to Acapulco. This netted treasure estimated to be worth eleven million dollars—all of which Captain Bonito buried on Cocos Island. In 1821 Bonito of the Bloody Sword died in a mutiny of his men in the West Indies.

But the greatest treasure trove on this small tropical island—it's only four miles long by three wide—is the "Lima" treasure which is estimated to be worth one hundred million dollars!

In 1820 the Spanish Viceroy of Peru became alarmed when a rebel army under José de San Martin invaded his province. He hastily emptied the mint and its storehouse of gold and silver and stripped the churches of their solid gold and silver accoutrements, and transported all this treasure to Lima's seaport, Callao. Here it was put on board the British merchantman, *Mary Dear,* which was commanded by a Scot, Captain Thompson. It was arranged that Captain Thompson should put to sea and cruise about for a couple of months. Then, if the Spanish regime at Lima were still secure, he should return to Callao and restore the treasure; otherwise he should deliver it to the Spanish authorities in Panama. A half-dozen men, including two priests, came on board to guard the fabulously rich cargo.

Out to sea went the *Mary Dear* and the next morning the gold-crazed crew murdered the guards and the priests. Captain Thompson headed for Cocos Island in latitude 5° 32′ 57″ North, longitude 87° 2′ 10″ West in the Pacific Ocean. He thought that the treasure could be buried without interference in this uninhabited place and that, after a year or two, he could reassemble his men and they could go back to Cocos, recover the treasure and take it home to England.

Only the first part of this plan was effected. The *Mary Dear* anchored in one of the three bays on the north side of Cocos Insland and her longboat, loaded to the gunwales, made eleven trips to shore. The immense treasure was hidden in a spot selected by the captain and the mate, and only a small amount of coins was kept back and shared among the crew. The *Mary Dear* sailed away—to disaster.

A Spanish man-of-war picked her up and made acutely embarrassing inquiries about the missing treasure. Captain Thompson and his crew were put on trial for murder and piracy on the high seas. Everyone was sentenced to be hanged and the sentence was carried out until only the captain and the mate remained. They then made a deal. If their lives were spared they would lead the Spaniards to the spot where they had buried the Lima treasure. Which in due course they did.

And here thickens the mystery of Cocos Island. For when the *expedicionarios* landed on Cocos, the Captain and the mate promptly disappeared into the thick jungle which comes right down to the water's edge. For days the *expedicionarios* hunted for them, but finally had to sail back, disappointed in their treasure-lust.

The self-marooned men lived on coconuts, birds' eggs, fish and small game for several months and were rescued sometime in 1822 by a British whaler which stopped at the island for fresh water. The captain and the mate said simply that they had been shipwrecked on the island, and to avoid raising any suspicion, they refrained from taking with them even an ounce of gold.

The next item in this fascinating story is the death of the mate in Costa Rica, and then a sequence of stories about the treasure coming from Captain Thompson. But did the mate die at Puntarenas, as generally accepted until Hancock and Weston came along their book? Is there also a chain of evidence coming from him as a source? The Cocos Island story from 1822 to the present is a tangle of legends, fancies, facts and fictions, and scores of unsuccessful treasure hunts, some extremely well organized and some one-man amateur affairs.

This is a business of ancient descent. From time immemorial man has searched for buried treasure. From time immemorial spirits have been alleged to hover over hidden hoards. The air of the supernatural circulates over treasure troves, and uncanny happenings have chilled the blood of many brave adventurers, as happened with Sir Malcolm Campbell in 1926. He discussed with me the unknown into which he felt he had strayed on that little tropical island.

According to him, he had gone there for romantic reasons. As he put it, "What able-bodied man is there with time, money and imagination, who would not trim his sails and set his course for salty horizons tomorrow, if he had a clue in his pocket, a treasure to find!"

He camped on the island with two fellow-adventurers and a mongrel dog. One night, aching in every limb from the day's exertions, he was trying to sleep in the terrible heat.

He writes in "My Greatest Adventure:"

"Suddenly the dog, who had been sleeping beside me, twitching occasionally in his sleep as dogs some-

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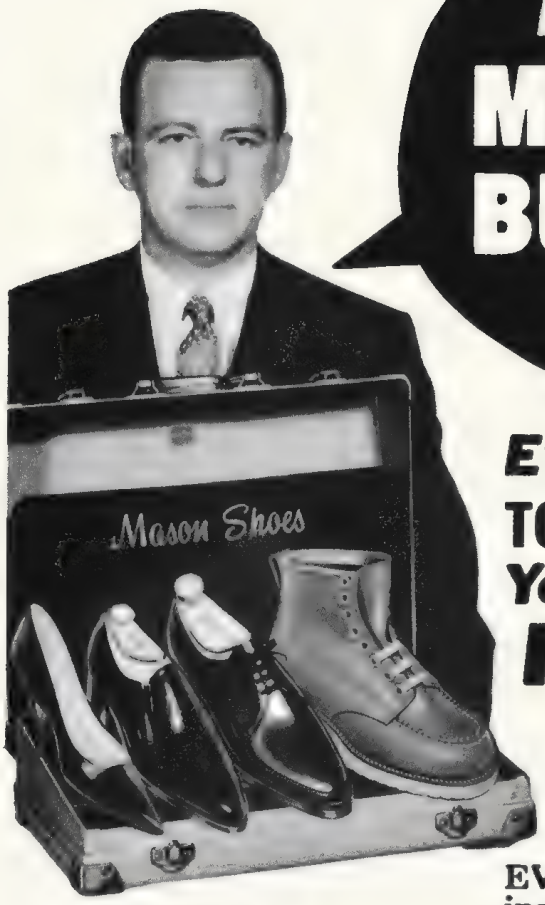

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times do, but otherwise normal, leapt to his feet with a terrifying howl and dashed to the open flap of the tent door, barking and chattering with rage and fear. He was almost beside himself. I have never seen a dog in such a paroxysm of terror. It was as though he had seen a ghost. He stood there barking and yapping into the blackness of the night, every hair on end, his voice vibrant with fear and defiance.

"Both men awoke and sat up. I took my revolver from the holster and crawled to the tent door, expecting to meet anything from a ghost to a wild pig or an Indian on his belly. There was nothing. The great wood fire, built to keep off the insects, leapt and flickered redly against the velvet background of the tropic dark. Overhead a million stars shown and twinkled like points of fire. The trees, like a tapestry of black velvet, stood brooding and motionless around the tiny camp. A million insects filled the night with a throbbing hum. The sea broke with the swish of silk gently on the beach. There were no other sounds.

"I stepped quietly outside the radius of the firelight and sneaked among the trees, expecting at any moment to surprise some lurking enemy. It may seem a little melodramatic to recount it now, but I can only say that Cocos possesses such an indefinable influence of evil that when once you are on it, your nerves are on edge for anything. It is a haunted island. I could find nothing, although I scouted cautiously round all the camp, slipping and sliding among the trees, finger on trigger ready to shoot. All the time the dog was standing in the tent door, whining and shivering. I had the feeling that somewhere in the blackness someone was watching me, following my every movement. I returned to the tent with a prickly feeling down my spine.

"When I got inside the dog quieted down after a time, and presently went to sleep. I lay awake for an hour or so with my revolver handy, waiting for something to happen. Nothing did. Finally I fell off to sleep.

"The next night the same thing happened again. Round about midnight the dog sprang suddenly to the tent door, yapping, barking, shivering with fear. He stood there, frothing at the mouth, half paralyzed with fright. Again I reconnoitered, revolver in hand. Again I had the feeling that something was crouching in the bush watching me. But I could find nothing and nothing happened.

"Twice after this the same thing happened in the middle of the night. We could not account for it then, and I cannot explain it now. There are no animals on the island, as far as I know, except wild pig, and they are not stealthy beasts. There is no subtlety about them. When they move it is for all the world to hear. They plunge and crash, and do not care who listens to them. I saw no rats, no snakes, in fact, no reptiles or mammals of any sort apart from pig. What then, or who, can have been our mysterious midnight visitor?"

In our conversation on the Orient Express, Sir Malcolm would subtract nothing from this account of an extraordinary experience. He knew that psychical research was my preoccupation, and he assured me that his account was a faithful and unembellished rendering of what had occurred. He was not a spiritualist, nor did he believe in ghosts or evil spirits; but he frankly confessed that he would not like to spend many nights alone on Cocos Island. He also noted that almost every one of the major expeditions that in the last century had landed on Cocos, and searched for the treasure, had met with disaster, and not one had succeeded in finding anything. Even his own party had suffered in a small way from misfortune: one of his companions hurt his leg, another was badly lamed for a fortnight.

Of what was the dog afraid? Sir Malcolm could advance only one explanation. It is romantic, and it stirs one's imagination. (Incidentally, it is not included in the lore that Hancock and Weston put in "The Lost Treasure of Cocos Island.")

There is a legend in the South Seas that at the time of the Spanish Conquistadors some of the Incas of the Peruvian mainland fled from the appalling cruelty of the invader, and found refuge on Cocos. When the pirates came on their irregular visits, these Incas retreated to the top of the highest mountain on the island, early 2,800 feet high, where, according to one of the pirate chroniclers, there is a crater lake teeming with fish. Here, the legend says, the descendants of the mighty Inca race still dwell. They are in deadly fear of the white man and the moment their sentries descry a ship upon the horizon, they damp their fires, and every member of the group takes to the high hills.

I frankly told Sir Malcolm that I did not believe a lurking Inca spy could send his dog into a paroxysm of terror. To me the signs pointed to a "supernatural" visitation. We talked long into the night. I told him that, as an experiment, it would be well worthwhile to attempt an inquiry through psychic channels into the treasure's location. Of course, he was rather skeptical, but agreed to lend me the Admiralty map he had used in his treasure hunt.

The map showed a mountainous island of less than twenty square miles in area. It rises almost vertically out of the sea and has only two adequate landing places, Chatham Bay and Wafer Bay, on its north side. It is said that there are only two seasons—the rainy season and the wet season; and the island is obscured much of the time by heavy rainfall or by fog.

I covered a top corner of this map, to hide the name of the island, and took it to the British College of Psychic Science, where I had a sitting with Miss Jacqueline, the well-known medium. I took shorthand notes.

The map was still unrolled when Miss Jacqueline said:

"Is that concerning a place? Is it an initial H or K?"

I said that K, according to the sound, was correct.

She then took the map which could have conveyed little more to her than that it represented an island, and continued:

"I don't know whether it is connected with something hidden. I see three or four people trying to discover something, to look for something. I see very great possibilities. It is almost as if I were going up to hidden treasure."

After I had partly unrolled the map she pointed at various spots on it and asked:

"Has there been any writing on this place? Nothing to do with Glastonbury Abbey? No name of any person like that?"

This was an error, but nevertheless a good proof that the idea of hidden treasure was not conveyed from my mind to hers. The spots she

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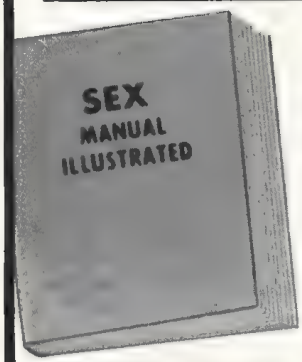

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pointed out were different from those Sir Malcolm had picked as likely. I told Miss Jacqueline nothing whatsoever.

Two days later I visited her again. She then said that at almost the instant I had left her, she had heard her "guide" say, "Coco . . . Coco Island."

This time she tried her divining rod over the map. It went into oscillation over certain spots, indicating, as she believed, the presence of gold. She pointed to the highest peak, Mount Iglesias, and said that some people were there. This was in curious agreement with the legend that descendants of the Incas may still be surviving on this mountaintop. I found this interview encouraging.

With the map rolled up, I next called on Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett. When she passed into trance and "Uvani," one of her spirit controls, introduced himself, I asked him if he could put me in touch with "John King," a picturesque oldtimer in spirit "controls," who is said to have been in the flesh Sir Henry Morgan, the pirate. "Uvani" said that he would try, and after a little while, said that he had found him. He announced that he would speak in his behalf.

"This contract gives him the impression of a great deal of adventure. This is a map. The map of an island. Off Penzance, I feel an island to which this map takes me. There is some idea of exploration here. He is glad to see that adventure is still left in the hearts of some people. There is treasure. He has the feeling of buried treasure. This was the haunt of pirates in the old days. There have been many shipwrecks here, and nobles fleeing from the court with their jewelry and documents give him the impression that this island has a great history. Legends are current, it even being suspected that many of the royal fugitives had taken up residence here until they were taken off from this hotbed of treasure. I do not know if any treasure has been found, but he is definite that much had been put there, especially under the little church to which there was a path from the waterfront."

I said that there must be some mistake. The island is nowhere near England and is uninhabited.

"Uvani" was puzzled. Was I sure that there was no channel at all? Then to my surprise:

"Is it anything like C . . . O . . . C?"

Then slowly:

"Cocos. He speaks of Cocos Island as connected with the peninsula by an ancient civilization. Peruvian. The habitation of the ancient In . . . [struggling] . . . Inc . . . A religious sect like the Aztecs which he calls White Indians. At one time it was the headquarters of the occult tribe of the Aztecs. . . . It was only approachable from two sides. There is an extinct volcano and the remains of a church. For a long time it was thought that there were inhabitants on that island, on the other side of the volcano, on the west where there is no landing place. The western side is sheer cliff. In the old days there was a port on the other side for traders between South America and the Southern Archipelago. The treasure was taken to the western side of the island. It meant days of dwelling there and carrying provisions. There was a time when it was a place of refuge. Many Inca pilgrims went there. No treasure has been taken off. He could help to find it. It would give him great joy, like old days. But one would have to make a safari and take it very seriously."

There are some remarkable points in this statement. Remember that the map was rolled up. Nothing indicated the nature of the roll. If Mrs. Garrett or "Uvani" were reading my mind, how did the confusion at the beginning of the description come about? Moreover, in my romantic imagination I would have preferred that the ancient Incas were still living on the island to their being wiped out by a volcanic eruption.

There are two high peaks on the island, Mount Iglesias, 2,788 feet, and another, unnamed, rising 1,547 feet. Whether they are volcanic I cannot tell, nor do Hancock and Weston tell us. It is plain from the map that the west side of the island is unapproachable. It is curious, too, that another clairvoyant, a Mrs. Pollock, of whom Sir Malcolm Campbell writes in his book, should have said that "the treasure lies high up, perhaps a thousand feet above sea level."

I was given no precise indication of where the treasure is to be found. But "John King" had said that he could lead to it. He asked for a meeting with the owner of the map.

Had I known the topography of the island, had I possessed myself of all the available information about the pirates and their evil deeds on this island, I believe I should have obtained more help. Why I would have I cannot tell.

All I know is that in mediumistic communications the sitter's imagination, if deeply exercised, appears to act as a relay, and is able to glean more definite indications than does a barren mind. Mrs. Pollock, for instance, gave Sir Malcolm fairly precise indications of the whereabouts of the treasure, indications that were almost as important as the pirate clue which he possessed. Though, owing to shortness of time, Sir Malcolm returned from Cocos with empty hands, he was sufficiently impressed by Mrs. Pollock to write in his book: "Mrs. Pollock's indication will very likely either lead to the subsequent discovery of the treasure, or will be amply justified should it be found without their help."

WEEPING MADONNAS

Against the inroads of parapsychology into religious mysticism the Catholic Church used to defend itself by ascribing mediumistic phenomena to the agency of the Devil, while those of the saints and religious ecstatics were claimed to be due to divine grace. Most of the phenomena were the same, only the interpretation differed.

The Catholic evaluation always had the recommendation of simplicity. A miracle needs no explanation, it is self-sufficient; but it requires a religious setting and a certain magnitude of the phenomena claimed before scrutiny is granted to it. However, once accepted nothing can change the commitment. Miracles permit no compromise or alternatives. Divine grace is not subject to argument. Hence no parapsychological approach could be expected to make an impression on the Church. The gulf between the ecclesiastic and parapsychological discipline has not been bridged. Each discipline has had to go its own way.

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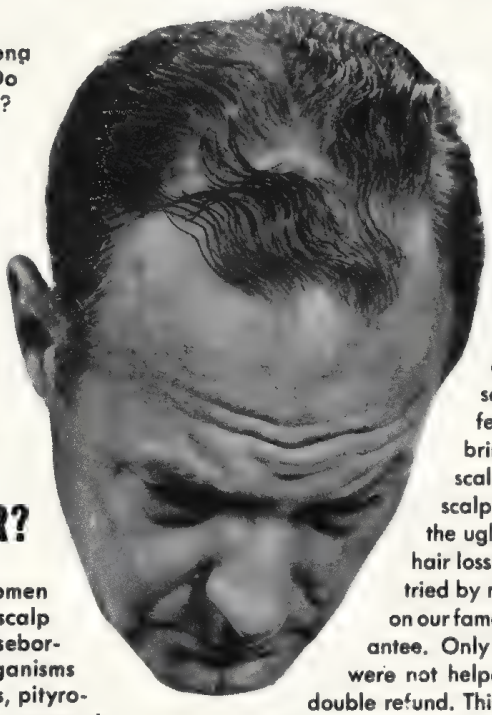

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It was, therefore, a notable event that such an attempt was made in the October 1960 issue of *Information,* a monthly magazine with the sub-title, *The Catholic Church in American Life*. It published a long illustrated article on "What Makes the Madonna Weep," by T. F. James, and quoted, in interviews, statements from me and from Dr. Piere Cassoli, a noted Italian parapsychologist of Bologna.

The occasion for the interviews was the weeping of a tinted picture of the Blessed Virgin in the attic of Mrs. Pagona Catsounis at 41 Norfolk Street, Island Park, New York, on the evening of March 16, 1960, and on subsequent days. The Reverend George Papadeas, the pastor of twenty-two-year-old Pagona and her husband, Pagionitis, at St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church in Hempstead, New York, was promptly called in, and was convinced that he was facing a miracle. The lithograph framed in a glass, a wedding gift of Mrs. Catsounis's, was shedding tears.

Reverend Papadeas said:

"When I arrived, a tear was drying beneath the left eye. Then just before the devotions ended, I saw another tear well in her left eye. It started as a small, round globule of moisture in the corner of her left eye, and it slowly trickled down her face."

The news of the Weeping Madonna spread fast. In the first week more than 4,000 people poured through the Catsounis apartment to pray before the picture to see the tears flow. Reporters came and went, and the picture continued to weep through the whole week. The tears gently flowed to the bottom of the frame and then vanished.

Father Papadeas blessed the house and the tears stopped flowing. On March 23 the lithograph was taken to St. Paul's, enshrined on the altar and surrounded by lilies and ferns. Over 3,500 people streamed into the church daily to pray before the picture.

Before Father Papadeas could recover from the overwhelming effect of the miracle he had to face the wonder a second time. The call came from the house of Antonia Koulis, at 41 Oceanside Park, Oceanside, New York. It appeared to keep the mystery of the Weeping Madonnas in the family, for this forty-year-old woman happened to be the aunt of Mrs. Catsounis. There was an improvement as far as tears were concerned; they flowed more copiously from the eyes of the Koulis Madonna. The weeping was witnessed by Archbishop Iakovos, head of the Greek Othodox Church in North and South America, and was promptly declared a miracle. Father Papadeas took off the glass frame in the presence of reporters so they could examine the back of the picture. The bottom was found soaked with liquid but the tears, on chemical analysis, were found *not* to be human tears. However, no evidence of fraud was found and when the Archbishop exchanged Mrs. Koulis's picture with another Madonna, on May 7 this, too, began to weep, and continued to do so intermittently for three weeks in the church where it was enshrined.

Dr. Cassoli who made a special study of weeping Madonnas in Italy (occurring on the average of two a year in that country) called special attention to a case in the house of Antonietta Janusso of Syracuse. It concerned a plaster statuette of the Immaculate Heart of Mary which, on August 29, 1953, began to weep and continued weeping for four days. This time, however, chemical analysis proved the liquid to be human tears.

Antonietta was twenty years old, pregnant, with symptoms of toxemia, convulsions an attack of blindness, mutism, and total nervous exhaustion. Her statuette wept while it was shut in a drawer in a horizontal position, in the hands of observers that included the Commissioner of Police, and while it was hanging outside on the wall of her house in Via degli Orti in a district which was known as the "Devil's Quarters" because of its evil smells and low moral condition. Under the tremendous excitement known as the Day of Lacrimagione, she returned to radiant health.

The Syracuse miracle caused a minor epidemic. As Dr. Cassoli reported, on December 15 of the same year, Concette Mesiano of Calabre saw tears of blood fall from some postcard-size pictures of the Madonna. On April 3, 1954, Inez Bottazzi of Mezzolombardo noticed tears streaking the cheeks of a picture of the Madonna, which had been cut out of a newspaper and pasted on a piece of cardboard. Both times the tears were seen by numerous witnesses.

In Angi, on May 12, 1954, a picture of the Virgin Mary of Syracuse, which lay flat on a dresser, wept for eight days and eight nights. The picture was at first dried in the sun, but the tears soaked it again and again.

On March 15,1955, Anna Carnerale of Casapulla saw a porcelain picture weep.

In Rocca Corneta on April 27, 1957, a papier-mache statue of the Madonna poured tears for several days. Dr. Cassoli found a yellowish, translucent substance along the lower rim of the eyes. He suspected the presence of some chemical that drew moisture out of the air and condensed it on the statue.

Barring this instance no suspicion of fraud was attached to the weeping miracles. T. F. James quotes Cassoli and myself in favor of a mediumistic explanation. I am supposed to have spoken of projection and a materialization of the tears:

"The identity of the praying person with the picture or statue is so complete and the emotions are so intense that the tears are actually materialized on the object."

The quotation is not quite accurate. The phenomenon, as a mediumistic manifestation, is almost unknown. I did not try to explain it by projection and materialization. I considered it a phenomenon in a class of its own, a phenomenon of "at-oneness" or mystic union, if religious terminology is preferred.

Through religious ecstasy the Madonna and the worshipping housewife merged and became one. Form and space that kept them apart vanished. The Madonna was shedding Mrs. Catsounis's and Mrs. Janusso's tears of self-pity. Nothing has been mentioned of Mrs. Catsounis's psychological condition at the time of her prayers when the first tears appeared, but Mrs. Janusso's pitiable state of health is all too apparent. She was blind and felt one of her epileptic attacks approaching when her religious fervor reached a peak she had not known before. Like the Yogi practitioner who fixes his gaze at a point until he becomes one with it, Antonietta and the Suffering Mother merged. She was Mary and Mary was Antonietta. Her suffering brought her own tears into the statue's eyes.

The case of Mrs. Koulis, I assume,

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was similar to telepathy *à trois*, a third party tuning into a circuit of emotions. Intense identification with her niece may have precipitated her into the whirlpool of ecstasy that Mrs. Catsounis was experiencing. The tears had stopped when the reasons for self-pity were removed by blessing and return of health. Atoneness could no longer be maintained and each woman regained her insulated identity.

Intense religious emotion as the *sine qua non* of such phenomena is suggested by an instance in the research history of Mrs. Linczegh-Ignath. "Nona," her spirit-guide who claimed to be a pure spirit, never incarnated, asked seven sitters to step in front of the picture of the Madonna of Sixtin and fervently pray there. They did so, and lo! tears appeared in the eyes of the picture and ran down the face. As Mrs. Ignath did produce miniature materializations the mediumistic element definitely enters into this case. And so it does into some Poltergeist disturbances, not necessarily in the form of tears but in the form of the production of water or other liquids.

In an old book, "A Faithful Record of the Miraculous Case of Mary Jobson," (1841), Dr. Reid Clanny reported that water from nowhere was sprinkled in the sick room where thirteen-year-old Mary lay confined to bed by convulsions that lasted for eleven weeks. Like Mrs. Janusso, she became alternately blind, deaf and dumb. When she was in her senses she claimed to hear voices that claimed to come from the Virgin Mary, from various apostles and martyrs. After eight months of unaccountable illness, she was mysteriously cured.

On August 30, 1919, oil was reported spurting from the walls and ceiling of Swanton Novers Rectory, near Melton Constable, Norfolk, England. Paraffin and petrol "rained" first, then showers of water, to be followed by methylated spirits and sandalwood oil. About fifty gallons of oil were caught in receptacles. Of thirteen showers on September 1st, two were of water. The Reverend Hugh Guy, the Rector, was forced to move out. A fifteen-year-old servant girl was duly accused because the first of the showers appeared in her room. Magician N. Maskelyne investigated, but could not explain the mystery. He was quoted in the *Daily Mail* of September 10th saying that barrels of fluid appeared during the time of his observations.

The Poltergeist appeared to act in a more religious mood in an Irish case. As summed up by Charles Fort:

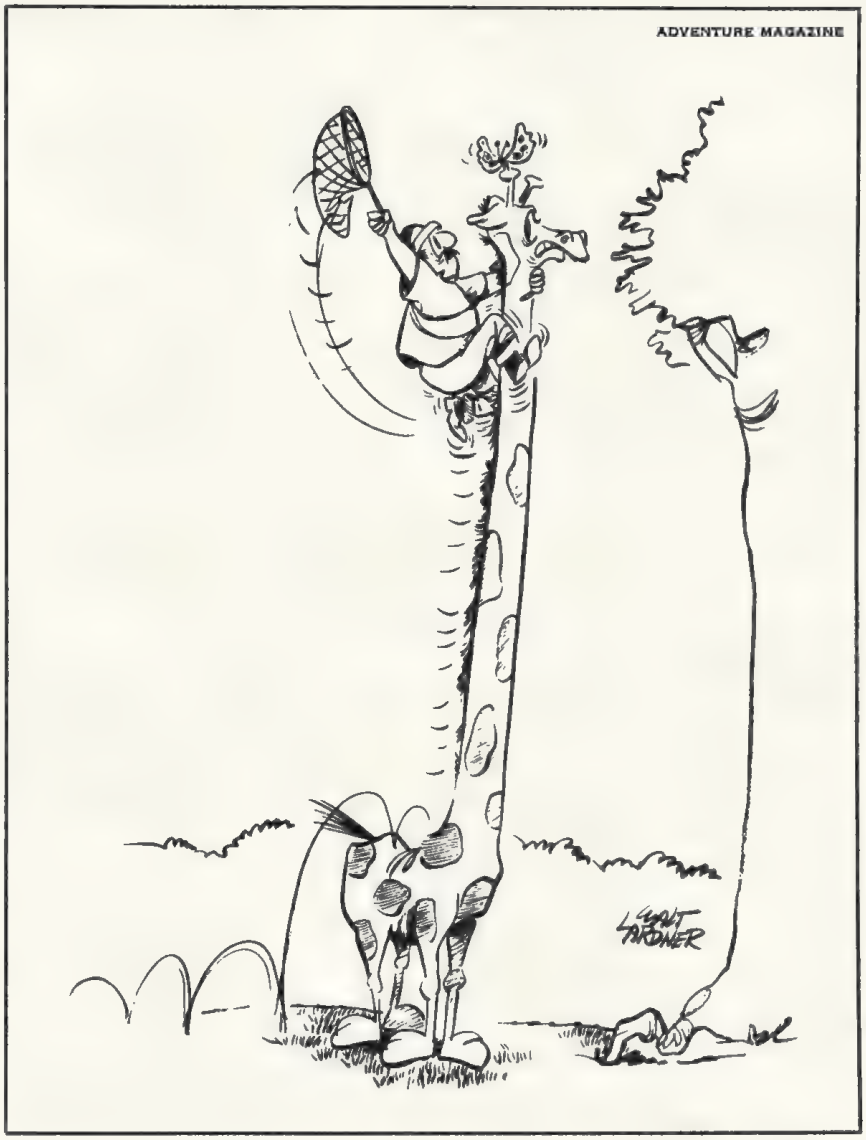
"On Saturday [Aug. 21, 1920] all statues and holy pictures in the home of Thomas Dwan of Templemore, Tipperary, Ireland, began to bleed."

A devout sixteen-year-old youngster called James Walsh was said to be responsible. In the earthern floor of his room a hollow, about the size of a teacup, kept filling with water. No matter how it was drained—and thousands of persons took away quantities—water from an unknown source always reappeared. The fact that objects were also moved by invisible forces in his presence gives a definite Poltergeist touch to the case.

It follows that from a study of Poltergeist cases in which the pubertal victim has intense religious feelings we may learn a good deal more about the weeping and bleeding religious statues than from religious ecstatics.

At-oneness apparently is not the only mental mechanism by which the miracle can be produced. But the Poltergeist does no good and invariably produces accusations of fraud. The purely religious manifestation not only does not hurt but it is often followed by a return to health and miraculous cures in a worshipping crowd.

Hence, religious ecstasy of the Weeping Madonna type is of social and ethical value. It restores, whereas the Poltergeist senselessly frightens and destroys. ■



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Until the radio that day announced the attack on Lumbis, nine miles to the west of the concession boundary, there had been no guerrilla activity on the southern border. In spite of it, I felt there was nothing to worry about, and fell placidly asleep.

The dawn labor bell awakened me and during breakfast the radio buzzed our signal.

"Tawao calling. Air Patrol reports no flag flying Tanamerah. No sign of guard. No reply to signals. Investigate."

I ran out, shouting for Pertab Singh.

"Get the Land Rover and four men with Bren guns and grenades!"

"Atcha, sahib!"

For six miles we followed a logging road, then jounced up a rutted trail into the mountains. Forty minutes later, at the edge of the clearing about Tanamerah, we fanned out, approaching the post from different directions. I blew a whistle, but there was no reply. We advanced warily.

In the three huts we found three more guards, also naked and stabbed in the back. Corporal Selim lay dead in the guard house. Under a bush beside the trail we saw a sentry, stripped and killed in the same way.

I walked up the trail to the lookout post. Inside the *nipa* shelter flies and ants swarmed over the sentry who was naked and stabbed in the back like the others.

We moved up to the border point where a trail crossed a pass through cut-back forest, and descended into dense cover. I noticed that the soft earth showed tracks made by sandals with auto-tire soles.

I wondered about them, and questioned Singh. "They must use children." He measured one against his boot. "May we go down into that forest, *sahib*?" He patted the non-regulation *kukri* slung to his belt.

Then we went back to the guard house and I ordered that the dead be taken to Kalabakan for burial. I also wrote a request for replacements, rations and a radio set.

Men and materiel arrived that afternoon and after instructing the nervous corporal to send a radio signal at the first sign of activity, I went back to Kalabakan.

At ten the post reported all quiet. Maria, smiling shyly, was leading me to my bedroom when the radio buzzed like a rattlesnake.

"Tawao calling," it said. "Fires visible in Sebitan across Cowie Bay.

With Pertab Singh close behind I raced down the hill to the river and in a minute our launch was roaring over the silent water to Cowie Bay. Dyak houses, with their stilts reaching into the water and their tiny lanterns glowing red, looked like gigantic insects. The launch heeled south into Sebitan Channel. Drying sheds were blazing, valuable stacks of rattan crackled like gunfire.

We moved along the channel between mainland and the island to the border post. The guard was wiped out; every man stripped naked and stabbed in the back.

A fair-sized launch pulled alongside the still smoking jetty and a sergeant and platoon of Queen's Own Scottish Borderers stepped ashore. They trotted past the smouldering ruins and returned in half an hour, smoke-blackened and sweating.

"No one aboot," the sergeant said.

The Malay posted sentries at the border lookout. I waited until the sergeant had reported by walkie-talkie to Tawao.

"How d'you figure they can wipe out a whole guard company without giving an alarm?"

"Perhaps they make them drunk first?" the sergeant said wistfully. "They're smart, I'll say that. This is Sarawak all over again. They keep us busy while they pick their spots to attack. I'll bet that while we're here they're raising hell up the line somewhere. We're spread thinner than guardhouse margarine."

"You could be right," I said thoughtfully. "Yesterday they raided Tanamerah for weapons and food and killed all hands, just the same as these poor devils. While I was there they started this business here. So if this is a diversionary operation, it may mean they plan a crossing in strength at Tanamerah, especially if someone's tipping them off to our movements. So here's what you do. Radio Tawao for reinforcements, call David Thomas and tell him I'm staying here with you. Call in clear. That'll make it easier for them if anyone's passing information to the Bung."

"Okay," the sergeant said. "But what's the drill?"

"Tanamerah is about twenty miles from here," I explained. "I start out now with as many police as will volunteer. There's a border patrol at Tanamerah now; they should start for here in the morning. We'll meet them about half way and turn them back. And if the Bung's boys do try anything we should get there in time to give them a surprise."

It was almost dawn before Singh and I and eighteen police volunteers climbed into the hills from the Sebitan channel and filed through the narrow patrol trail. When the sun came up, the pima flies tormented us and leeches dropped on our necks and arms.

High in the hills the forest was a steamy swelter and we were forced to rest often. It was late afternoon when I halted the men outside Tanamerah and stole forward with Singh to a hill overlooking the post and its winding trail to the border. All seemed quiet.

From the direction of Kalabakan a woman stepped out of the forest. A wide straw hat shielded her face but her figure was slim and suggestive in sarong and *baju*. The sentry watched her with interest. She stopped opposite him. Looking through the binoculars, I saw her reach out to the sentry who moved back, gesturing toward the guardhouse. Laughing, she moved away into the bushes, her sarong gaping. The sentry peered at the guardhouse door, laid down his rifle and darted after her.

Another woman was coming up the trail. Behind her sidled four more. Three stole into the sleeping huts behind the guardhouse. One hurried up the trail toward the border lookout and the last deliberately opened the *baju* to display her breasts and stepped boldly into the guardhouse.

"Bring up the men," I whispered.

Singh backed away. The post was silent in the heat. There was soft laughter, then nothing for a while until I heard the men coming up

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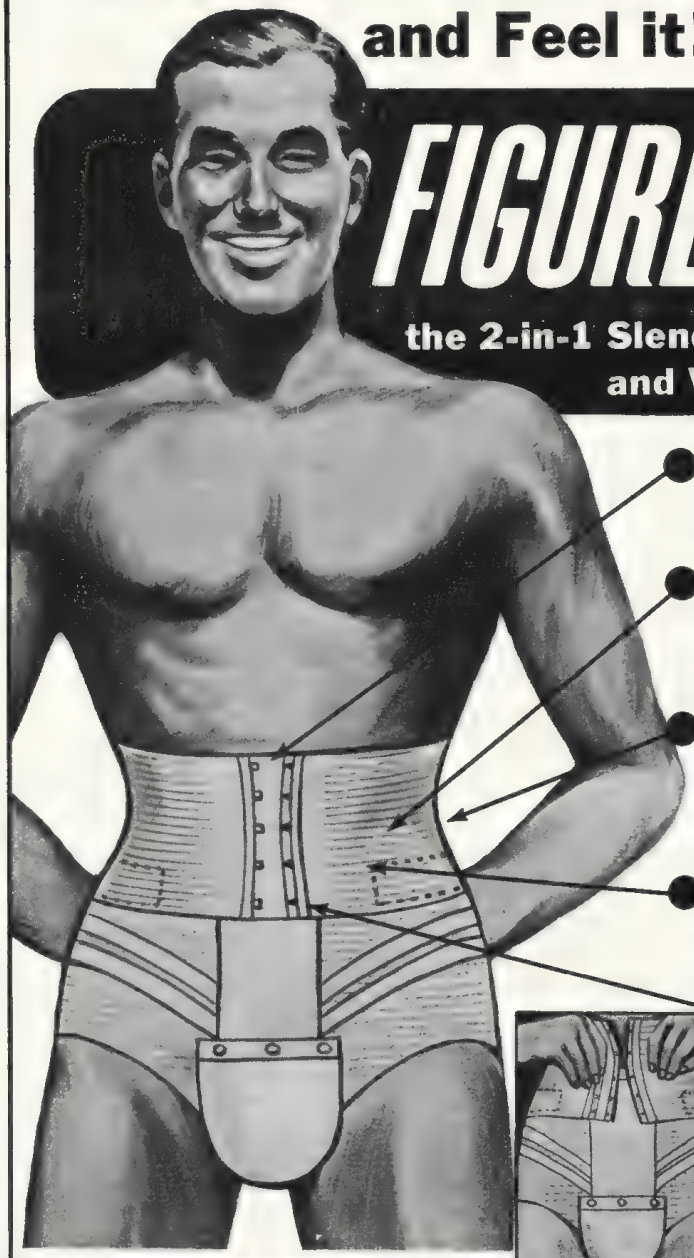

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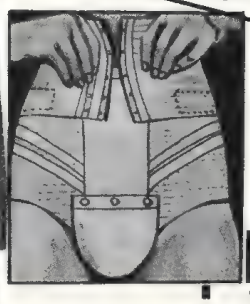

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behind me. At the same time an older woman in what looked like battle dress stepped out of cover, her head bare and a wavy-bladed *kris* in her hand. She crept towards the bushes into which the sentry had followed the first girl.

"So that's how they do it!"

We raced down to the post, just as the sentry, naked, rushed out of the bushes followed by the girl. A policeman grabbed her, and now the police surrounded the post. Pertab Singh ran into the guardhouse and dragged out a screeching girl, booting the naked corporal before him. Then girls burst out of the sleeping huts, screaming at the police.

"Tie them and throw them in guardhouse," Pertab Singh ordered.

I led the men up the trail to the lookout. The guard stood nervously in the trail, rifle at the port. There was no sign of the girl we were after.

"Get the men into cover," I ordered, "and keep them quiet. If they cross we'll catch them.

Pertab Singh, followed by the sentry, trotted back to the post. I stepped out to scan the trail over the pass, saw movement in the bushes as a girl, twisting a sarong about her waist, ran for the border. I raced after her. She ran fleetly, shapely legs flashing, toward the dense cover.

Putting on a spurt I tackled her and brought her down, squirming, panting, twisting like a snake. She rolled from under me, stabbing savagely with a *kris*. I ducked and smashed her in the jaw, then stared, astonished at the oval face. It was Maria!

I heard shouting and rolled her under a bush as a mob of guerrillas climbed toward the border. Suddenly she moved and I clamped a hand over her mouth and ripped off her sarong.

I saw the guerrillas disappearing into the pass and fired a burst of the Bren gun to warn the police. Then I dragged the naked Maria up the hill. Half way up I was stopped by a guerrilla with a *parang* in his fist. With a mad yell he rushed. I shot him. Another jumped, firing from behind a tree. Maria yelped and went limp.

Ahead the police were yelling victoriously. Singh, his *kukri* dripping, was hacking viciously about him. Then suddenly the guerrillas gave up.

In half an hour they were lined up against the guardhouse, where we counted five police slightly wounded, and twenty-seven dead guerrillas.

I saw Maria struggling to her feet, and ran to her. She spat at me, blood trickling from a wound in her arm. I dragged her into the guardhouse.

By the time our party reached Kalabakan it was dark. A detachment of armed constabulary was waiting to take the prisoners to Tawao.

"This one seems to know you," an officer said, pointing to Maria. With her bandaged arm holding her sarong about her, she was glaring at Sani, smug and silent nearby.

"She's her cousin." I pointed at Sani

Sani burst into indignant denials. Maria gaped, then began to scream native words, pointing to Sani and herself. A policeman grabbed Sani.

"Appears the plump one is an Indonesian agent," he said. "Listens to radio from here and sends runners with messages across the border. The other says she is a soldier, like other women soldiers in Sukarno's army. Apparently the Bung sends them to distract—if that's the word —the boundary guards while raiding parties cross the frontier."

"That's the word, all right!"

Maria and Sani, shrilling at each other like monkeys, were bundled down the hill to a launch.

"Well," Dave sighed. "Back to work, I suppose."

"Yes," I grinned. "And no damned distractions either!"

Two days later the Q.O.S.B. sergeant and four men reported at Kalabakan.

"Seconded here for rations," he stated. "My men will command all patrols and guard posts from now on. Seems like the Bung was planning a pincer attack through Tanamerah and Sebitan on Tawao and Cowie Bay. Two navy patrol boats are coming and, at last, a bloody airplane. So they won't try this bit of border in a hurry."

"Good," Dave said. "By the way, what ever happened to the girls?"

"They shot 'em," said the sergeant. "War's hell, ain't it?" He winked at me. ■

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We were all in good humor as we continued on our journey. We must have been about thirteen miles from our camp when we came to a river. Here again, the bridge had been destroyed.

As we surveyed the situation, the lieutenant, smiling, asked, "Can you fix it?"

We decided to walk downriver a bit to a more shallow part—the lieutenant, the sergeant, the corporal and myself, as an engineer. There we crossed over easily enough and, as the other three continued walking up the road to see what lay ahead, I set to work digging the earth out of the way so that the cars could cross.

Then I saw the lieutenant, the sergeant and the corporal walking back toward me and they seemed in a hurry. Lieutenant Gleeson was walking backward and said over his shoulder: "There's Balubas coming down the road." Then he told Sergeant Gaynor. "Turn the cars back. We want to avoid trouble."

By this time, we could all see a big crowd of shouting natives with bows and arrows, spears, clubs and long panga knives coming toward us. There may have been a hundred of them.

Lieutenant Gleeson was preparing to go forward to talk to them in their own language, as he had so many times before, and to explain that we were here to keep peace, not to attack them.

Then I heard one of our comrades shout something and I looked back down the road we had come. A big tree now blocked our retreat and, along this road also, a large crowd of armed Balubas came toward us.

The lieutenant shouted, "Take cover, lads, quick!" as a shower of arrows suddenly landed all around us.

We made for a small hill overlooking the river where there were trees and long grass for cover. I remember trying to get across stepping stones in the river, and, as I dived for cover, I felt an arrow hit me in the hip.

Lieutenant Gleeson was still talking to the Balubas in their native tongue, and they were answering him. But all the time they were talking, others were surrounding our positions. We were completely cut off—eleven of us against at least two hundred of the Balubas. There I was on the hill. The lieutenant was a bit ahead and I could see the anxious faces of the sergeant, of Corporal Dougan and Corporal Kelly and of Privates McGuinn and Farrell. I could not see where the other four soldiers had taken cover, but they were probably near at hand.

The lieutenant said, "I think we had better pray now, lads . . ." And then I saw him stagger with an arrow in his shoulder as he tried to cover us with bursts of fire from his submachine gun. He tried to get new cover, but they cut him down and killed him with knives and clubs.

Then I saw the sergeant fall. The blacks were everywhere. Their bloodcurdling screams, as they pranced around us like madmen, were something I shall never forget. We were firing all the time, but there were so many of them and so few of us.

I felt an arrow cut into my back and decided to make a break for better cover. Trooper Browne had the same idea. I remember shouting to him, "Watch the anthills!"

The giant jungle anthills had become a familiar sight in the Congo, but these were different. I had seen Balubas coming out of them. It was a perfect camouflage.

I saw Private Fennell near me, and he said, "I'm going to die!"

I remember shouting, "Get away!" meaning for him to get to better cover.

Browne came up to meet me in the bamboo canes and swampy ground. I fell into water and grasped the long grass to pull myself out. But I couldn't move.

I could not see Browne anywhere now, although I knew he was somewhere out there in front of me. I lay in the bamboo canes, listening to the wild cries of the natives, mad with drugs or drink or, perhaps, the smell of blood.

The shouts, which sounded like *"Aye, aye, aye,"* grew louder. Then I heard a sudden burst of machine-gun fire and knew Browne was still in action. I had lost my rifle in the close fighting when I was wounded, but still had my bayonet.

As I lay silent in the canes, I heard Browne moving farther and farther away from me, firing as he went.

Suddenly I felt my whole body roll up in a ball as an arrow went into my neck and I felt sure it was the end.

There is no hope, I thought. There are three arrows in my body. I am completely surrounded. The rest of the patrol have either escaped or are dead. It is the end. If I get up—which I am not able to do—they'll kill me. If I lie here, they'll kill me. So why not die peacefully?

Then they were upon me. I lay in the mud as if dead. I do not know how many of them were around me when they started banging me with their clubs. First, they started on my body, then my head.

I knew if I made one sound, I was finished, and I hoped they might think I was already dead and go.

My left hand, that was over my face, began to feel warm and sticky as the blood covered me. Then they began at my body again and I felt the bones fracture in my other arm.

I said to myself, "I'm ready to die, God!"

Yet I held on to the idea that if I did not cry out, they might go. It seemed an eternity as they beat my almost lifeless body with everything they had.

I almost cried out when someone wrenched the arrow from my neck while another started to beat the joints of my knees with a heavy club. Perhaps it was my silence then that convinced them that I was dead.

Suddenly I heard a burst of machine-gun fire in the distance and the blows stopped. The Balubas all jumped on me and left me buried in the swamp as they rushed off in the direction of the firing.

I thought, "They have found Browne."

I lay where I was in the swamp for what must have been twelve hours, all the time waiting to die. There was a big pool of blood in the water around me.

It had been about four P.M. on Tuesday afternoon when we had been ambushed at Niemba and I now made it four A.M., Wednesday.

I decided I would die happy if I could smoke a cigarette. My left hand was not too badly damaged and I

moved it to find a cigarette in my pocket. But the matches were wet and would not light. I lay there still thinking of a smoke and then began to think that the whole place was on fire.

"The black bastards have set fire to the jungle to get rid of the rest of us," I thought. I could hear crackling and smell smoke and burning flesh. I tried to get up. I did not mind dying there, but did not want to be burned alive.

It was a long time before I realized that the bush was not on fire; I was delirious.

I said to myself, "If I can make it to the road, there might be someone out looking for us."

My right leg and right arm were useless from the blows and my neck and body were stiff from the arrows. I grasped a tree and stood; took two steps and fell.

Eventually, I managed to move off a few yards and then remembered that I had left my helmet behind. "If the black fellas find my helmet and see the pool of blood, they'll be out after me again," I said to myself as I retraced my steps.

I got it and staggered into the jungle, completely lost.

I thought I saw the road and the blue cars of the United Nations but could never manage to reach it. I walked and walked in the jungle. The sun became a red-hot ball over my head. It must have been about noon on Wednesday. My throat was parched and I began to drink drops off the leaves and tried to shake water into my helmet.

Then I came to the river. Was it too deep? Was it poisonous to drink? The sound of gunfire decided the first question for me, as I thought it meant that the blacks were after me with our own guns.

I fell into the river but managed to scramble across it. For some unknown reason, I began to feel better.

Then I saw a small white plane overhead and tried to wave but it passed out of sight. Later, a red plane appeared and I considered lighting a fire to attract attention, but it, too, disappeared.

Suddenly, in the midst of the jungle, I saw a man with UN helmet and uniform. He had a friendly face. I had seen him somewhere before.

I said, "I'm lost."

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He said, "I can't take you with me but I'll send back help. I'll send your old pal, Trooper Brendan Dalton for you."

Then he went away and, soon afterwards, I saw a black man fishing in the river. I shouted, *"Jambo,"* which means "Peaceful greeting," but he, too, seemed to fade away into the jungle.

Were they both just optical illusions? I began to wonder.

I kept on walking, but I was getting weaker and weaker.

I tried to get green nuts from the trees and suddenly saw Corporal Dougan beside me. I said, "Here's one for you, Dougie." But he, too, just walked away.

Then I found water in a big ditch and filled my helmet. At first, I tried unsuccessfully to strain it with my teeth. Then I swallowed it, flies and everything else.

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I thought I saw my two friends, Corporal Dougan and Private Mick McGuinn, getting into a plane and that they said to me, "There's room for only two. We'll come back for you."

I waited there for awhile for the plane to return but there was no plane—and never had been!

I was in a delirium from my wounds and I lay down to sleep. By the position of the sun, it must have been about four o'clock in the afternoon then and I had been twenty-four hours lost in the jungle, with two arrows still sticking out from my body.

I was awakened by Corporal Kelly shouting, "You're asleep on duty. I will have to charge you."

I replied, "I can't get up. My neck is broken."

After awhile, an army doctor who seemed slightly familar came toward me. He looked at me and said, "There's nothing I can do for you here in the jungle. I'll go for medical attention for you." And he walked away.

I tried to follow him, but I couldn't get up.

Now I could see Lieutenant Gleeson coming toward me. "What's wrong, Kenny?" he asked.

"Broken neck, sir," I replied.

I knew I had been screaming when the doctor had left me and thought that the lieutenant had heard me. I did not remember that I had seen him wounded, and probably killed, in the ambush.

He told me he would bring me back food at nine o'clock and he gave me a blanket to keep me comfortable while I was waiting.

I began to feel warm and felt better that night.

It was the thought of the food the lieutenant had promised to bring that helped me to get up the next morning.

I went looking for it everywhere. My clothes were wet from the swamp and high grass. Sometime during the night, I had been trying to cut the grass with my bayonet so I could cover myself with it but it had kept moving away when I hit it.

I was wandering around again, knocking water from the high grass into my helmet and drinking the drops.

Then I fell into the marsh again, got up and came to the river. I crossed it, and came to the river again. Again I crossed it—and came to the river once more . . .

I seemed to be going around in circles and it was later estimated that I had walked more than seven miles after the attack.

Then I seemed to remember the track the doctor had taken and I began to follow it. I asked the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin to direct me.

Something inside me said, "Turn to your left, turn to your left."

I turned, kept walking and saw the road. I could not be sure it was real until I felt it under my feet.

I stood there, not knowing which direction to take. Where was the UN camp? Where were the blacks? I wondered.

Then I heard gunfire—a machine gun was in action nearby. And I heard a car coming down the road. Then another.

I knew. It was the natives with our guns in our cars. I was trapped. Now they had me at long last.

I scrambled into the ditch beside the road, hoping they would not see me. Two Land Rovers passed by. I could see the United Nations blue on the cars and on the helmets, but I still thought it was the blacks.

Somebody shouted. "It's Kenny. Good, old Kenny."

I yelled, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

Coming toward me, I recognized Commandant P. D. Hogan and somehow knew that this time it was real.

I tried, unsuccessfully, to raise my arm in salute, saying, "I'm fifty-eight Kenny, sir, reporting."

An Ethiopian UN soldier, with the Irish search party, wanted to pull out the arrows, but I would not let him. I remembered the terrible pain when the Baluba had wrenched one from my neck. I kept asking for water and for a priest.

Someone gave me a cigarette as the troops lined the road and the jungle, while they began to operate on me right on the spot.

The Ethiopian was very gentle taking out the arrows and then I was given a drink of water.

"The bird is coming for you," a soldier told me.

"What bird?" I inquired, not thinking of a helicopter.

When it came overhead, the pilot could not land because of the trees and they secured me to the special rescue stretcher so he could haul me up into the air.

When I was at last safely in the helicopter, I was told, "Another lad made it to safety, too."

"Is it McGuinn?" I asked, hoping my friend was alive.

"No, it's FitzPatrick," answered a soldier.

I began to bleed again and could not move my arm nor lift my head.

I remember being carried up many flights of stairs in a hospital and being rolled into bed. I do not remember anything for a long time after that.

Then I awoke and saw a crucifix, lighted candles and holy water at the other bed across the room.

I thought to myself, "The fella in that bed is dead," but then I noticed it was FitzPatrick and that he was sitting up, smoking.

I did not realize even then that we were the only two left alive out of the eleven in the patrol.

I was near dying myself during the week that followed. The doctor and nuns, most of them Italian, worked night and day to save my life. They could not get my right type of blood out there.

They tried giving me plasma, but I was so weak there was not enough blood in my body to take it in. Then they pumped it into me. My whole body was sore with dozens of injections, but I will never forget the kindness of the staff in that Albertville hospital. They saved my life—again.

After six weeks there, it was decided to move me to Elisabethville Hospital as being so near the ambush scene was hampering my recovery. Whenever I heard shouting outside, I would think they were coming for me again. I would remember those forty-eight hours lost in the jungle and could feel again the three arrows in my body.

I spent the Christmas in Elisabethville and I'll never forget it. The Canadians, the Indians—they all threw partries for us and then we had our own Irish Christmas dinner specially prepared in a local café.

To pass the time, I had taken a light job sorting mail for the troops in our own post office.

Then I got my own good news that I was going home.

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I can't describe how I felt when I saw my wife and daughter again. I will not even try.

But my ordeal was not yet over. I could not sleep. If anyone shouted passing the house it brought back the ambush. Lying in bed at night, I was back in the jungle with my dead comrades.

After four weeks of this at home, I had a nervous breakdown and had to spend another fourteen weeks in a military hospital.

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It is interesting to remark that the doctor I met in the jungle during my delirium was Commandant Brendan Heaney, and he was with the search party that eventually found me. Lieutenant Gleeson, Corporal Dougan, Private McGuinn, all of whom had helped me in my wanderings there, had been killed earlier in the ambush.

I saw them. Were they really there? I'll never know.

When I finally came out of hospital the following May, it was to experience the great happiness of having a home of our own, a house to ourselves, for the first time in our married lives. The press and the public had helped to get us a small house.

I am no longer "Private 808457, Kenny, sir." I parted company with the army, although many people refer to me as '57 Kenny—a reminder of other days.

I am on the army reserve and look forward to the two weeks' annual training in the summer and to meeting my old comrades—those who are left.

Little June has a baby sister and perhaps soon we will have a son.

We are very happy and thankful to God.

But, whenever I hear very loud shouting, I still jump a little and, perhaps, pray a little, too. ■

ADVENTURE ON A SHOESTRING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

a "Let's Go to Europe Club."

However, if you happen to all love chamber music or camera clicking . . . Which brings us to the second regulation: Your club may not advertise the flight publicly. It can solicit passengers only through "personal letters, circulars and telephone calls, or through group publications intended solely for members of the group." So don't put ads in local papers.

The easiest way is to join some already established group which you know is planning to charter a flight. Then all that organizing isn't necessary. But make sure it's recorded that you joined at least six months before they're due to apply for the charter because Regulation Three of the I.A.T.A. (International Air Transport Association) states that to qualify you must have been a member of the club at least that long before application is made.

Actually it's all a lot simpler than it sounds. Nearly everybody belongs to some group or other. Just look through the cards in your wallet. That's what I did—and renewed my temporarily lapsed membership in a "little theatre" group that was planning to charter a flight to Amsterdam leaving New York August 4th, 1964 (the very day the "off-peak" season opened for eastbound departures) and returning September 29th (the day it opened for westbound departures). You can, of course, charter flights during the peak season, but the fare will work out to a lot more than $240. Besides, August and September are ideal weatherwise, and many of the biggest festivals—always good for free wine and women—are held during this period.

Tip No. 2: *Shake your fellow club members the minute you hit Europe.* There's no law says you have to have anything more to do with them until you gather again for the flight home. Tip No. 3: *Head immediately for wherever students hang out.* There you'll find cheap lodgings, reasonably priced food, the biggest and cheapest drinks in town, lots of pretty girls and, if you're even faintly hip, a warm welcome.

In Amsterdam this turned out to be a spot called the *Bamboo Bar* at 66 Lange Leidwedwars Straat. It has no identifying mark beyond a Heineken Beer sign, but *that is where it is happening* in Holland. Girls, a fabulous pickup band, more girls and—get this—fourteen cents (U.S.) for a large stein of Heineken! Here I met any number of friendly, gregarious university students, all English-speaking, who guided me to the quaint *Hotel Brouwer* at 83 Singel, a 300-year-old canal house with prices which haven't, for my money, changed since then. For instance, 4:30 guilders (about $1.20 U.S.) for a single; and for only forty-two cents (U.S.) more, a breakfast so big you won't want to eat again that day.

A word about Dutch girls. They don't have round blue eyes, red cheeks, blonde pigtails or wear wood-

en shoes. They come in a wide variety, all quite cool and svelte.

There are plenty of places to take them, too. The night life centers around the massed bars, dance halls and burlesque houses on the quiet-sounding *Rembrandtplein*. Your best bet on hard liquor is the twenty-eight cent (U.S.) shot of jenever (Dutch) gin. You can either ply the girl with it or console yourself with it if she says *neen* (pronounced "nay" and meaning just that)—in which case you should drop her and hurry to the *Achterburgwal*, the city's lusty waterfront district.

Copenhagen, though quiet, is a must, if only for its lovely blonde nymphets who can be seen to best advantage in either the internationally renowned Tivoli amusement park or—if you'd like to meet and talk to these gorgeous, friendly creatures—at the *Vingaarden*, at Sct. Nikolajplads 21. It's owned by young Finn Mickelborg who divides his time between playing trombone in the excellent jazz band, and operating a wildly surrealistic bar at the rear. The admission cost is two kroner (twenty-nine cents), no cover, and a swinging time is guaranteed.

Warning: beer is relatively expensive in Denmark (twenty-nine cents a bottle) so a trip to the Tuborg brewery might be in order. (The Carlsberg tour, while all right, is more businesslike). If you're lucky enough to draw the Tuborg public relations man as a guide you'll be sousing it up all day there. Beer is twenty per cent alcohol in Denmark to our own ten to twelve per cent.

Tip No. 4: *Don't venture behind the Iron Curtain if you're traveling on a shoestring*. This I learned from a spine-chilling experience. A fellow U.S. shoestringer I met outside the American Express office in Copenhagen urged me to visit Berlin next. "The night life there makes Hamburg look like Troy, N.Y.," was the way he put it. He also explained in great detail how to reach West Berlin via East Germany and thus knock some twenty dollars off the fare.

So I set out—a little apprehensively I must admit. Particularly when at Gedser everyone changed to the boat train crossing to Grossenbrode Kai and then into West Germany. One old peasant woman and myself were the only people to walk across

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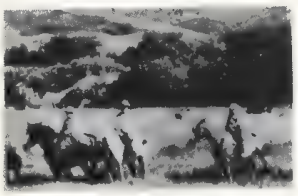

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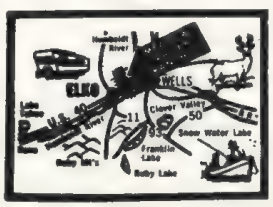

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the platform to the East German boat pier. Four other people, also elderly, were already aboard the *Karl Marx*. With a total of six people aboard, the 250-passenger vessel cast off and steamed toward Warnemunde. There was no particular trouble with my visa upon arrival (just a few suspicious scowls) and, after changing some money into East German marks and grabbing lunch, I boarded the train for East Berlin.

The train broke down. And I mean hopelessly. So we all had to disembark and find other means of transportation. I followed a group to a highway where we flagged down a peasant bus which meandered along back roads toward Potsdam. There a couple of VOPOs (Volkspolizei) boarded it, searching for people fleeing to the West. When they hit me, they acted like they'd found Allen Dulles going through their secret files.

If there's anything worse than a large East German prison, it's a small one. For three days I languished in this two-by-four rat trap outside Potsdam, protesting that I was an American tourist.

"An American tourist travelling on a peasant bus?" scoffed the captain in charge. "Dressed as shabbily as you are? And carrying only forty-seven dollars in currency? You're no American tourist. *They're* filthy rich. Admit it! You're a spy!"

But a grudging check with the U.S. Consulate in West Berlin established my identity and I was finally released.

West Berlin was everything that guy had said it was—and then some. But so little of it is printable that this section will of necessity be short. Suffice it to say that I liked it enough to stay there two whole weeks, earning my keep with that guitar Inga had given me and my own (by now) shaggy hair.

I played at *Eden's Saloon* at 21 Damaschkestrasse, the swingingest, looniest, hippest and most surrealistic nightclub I've ever come across. And, with my hopeless voice and meaningless patter, I seemed somehow to fit in perfectly. As a matter of fact, one night a whole table of GIs howled with laughter at my act and later told owner Rolf Eden that I was the best imitation of an American they'd ever seen.

Some tips on Berlin: To begin with, *don't* miss it. Prices are a full thirty per cent lower than in the other parts, of West Germany, which are already low. The people are terrific, particularly the cool, young Berliners who sit in the midst of some of the world's wildest night life, pretending, almost Zenlike, that none of it is really happening.

The women are just too much! It's the only place I've ever been where romancing one babe at a time is not just considered conservative but downright reactionary. Remember that Berlin's lopsided female population, the result of the war, has something to do with this.

The best way to visit the city, however, is by air—as my Potsdam experience suggests. That's how I left Berlin, investing the extra loot I'd earned, in an airplane ticket to Munich.

Munich is a kind of chrome-and-plastic Milwaukee in whose center has been dropped a zany, swinging endsville called Schwabing. It's a lot like New York's Greenwich Village. But *vive le difference* because over there you can get a hotel room for $1.50 a night, and, at any open-air stand, half a pound of sausage on a large roll, with mustard, *plus a beer*, for twenty cents!

I almost settled down in Schwabing with a grl named Toni, but the money ran out and, with my last twenty marks, I caught a bus marked "Casino Blitz" which leaves the Munich railroad station every afternoon. Run by the management of the world-famous Garmisch Casino (one of the most sophisticated in Europe), it takes you to said place at bargain rates with the hope you will gamble. I planned to.

Four hours at their gaming tables won me, not money, but - believe it or not - (1) a luscious, dark-haired Italian movie starlet (whose name had best go unrecorded), (2) an evening-blue, continental-style tux which she insisted on buying me at Garmisch's swankest international clothier before letting me get behind the wheel of (3) a low-slung Ferrari 410 Superamerica. Then we were off. Destination: The Venice Film Festival.

I know the next question. Why? At the time I couldn't figure it. I'd even been *losing* at baccarat when she'd very obviously picked me up.

But I couldn't see any point in worrying about motives. I just leaned back and enjoyed it. There's something about tooling along an Alpine highway while wearing a tux in broad daylight, a movie star nestled against you, a fragrant Turkish cigarette between you lips . . .

Thirteen hours later I was in jail. And jail, even in colorful, romantic Venice, is just jail. What had happened is that starlet had happened on me while searching for a very special kind of patsy. He had to be young, fairly presentable in a tux, have a modicum of *savoir faire* and look like some personality you can't quite place. At the same time he had to be absolutely nobody, and a long way from home. Also he had to be short on brain matter. I fitted it all—even to resembling faintly someone that not even I could place.

So, after sending me out to corral newsmen, photographers and columnists with the titillating word of a "mystery star," she had appeared and—before disgusted newmen could wander off upon realizing that she was actually nobody—had whipped off her borrowed mink and, lo and behold, she was wearing not only a topless but a bottomless!!

P.S. The Ferrari had been "borrowed," like everything else, from a well-known Italian director whose mistress she'd been. It was this gentleman—a gem of a guy—who finally got me off the hook and out of Venice (where I was strictly *persona non grata*) and to Rome where, because he felt so bad about the way this babe had acted toward me, he put me onto a job at the Cinecitta Studios.

About making it in Rome on a shoestring there's not much I can say. I didn't have to. My life there was strictly *la dolce vita*. If there are cheap nightclubs and restaurants, I didn't see them. All I can say is—when in Rome, be a movie actor.

But my part was finished after seventeen days of shooting and—the way I'd been living—my dough, too. So I started to thumb it north. I had to be in Amsterdam for that plane in nine days.

So I set out, and after an interminable series of dusty, jouncing truck rides, a white convertible screeched to a stop for me just north of Rapallo. At the wheel was a producer I'd seen around the Cinecitta lots. Beside him sat one of the loveliest Swedish brunettes I'd ever laid eyes on.

"Hop in," said he.

We lunched on *langosto* and white wine at a swank restaurant in San Remo on the Italian Riviera, dined at the Ritz in Monte Carlo and later went dancing at a private club in Cannes, while all the time he urged his girl on me and vice versa. By now I was pretty bombed and ready for anything—anything but what he finally suggested when we reached his villa at St. Tropez.

It wasn't his wanting to film Miss Seden and me in action together that put me off, as much as the fact that he wanted a supporting role in the epic! So, a half-hour later I was out on the road again, battered suitcase in hand, my thumb pointing toward Paris.

My first stop there was the

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Toward this stretch of pavement, known to the jaundiced French press as "the American Flea Market," I immediately headed. And my luck continued to hold. I happened on a young couple who had rented a car and would be heading north through the Low Countries. But not for a week. Until then I had to survive in Paris which is far from a cheap city.

I did it by getting myself what would laughingly be described as a "subsistence job" hawking U.S. newspapers and magazines along the boulevards and cafés. Out of what I earned I slept, when I could afford it, at the *Hotel Olinda* on the Ile St. Louis ($1.40 U.S.) and along the banks of the Seine if the weather was okay and I didn't have the loot. Mornings I could usually get together a pretty good meal of bread, sausage and a bottle of *vin ordinaire* in the Les Halles market for about two francs (40¢ U.S.) that would keep me going all day. In this fashion I survived until my ride north materialized.

I was actually faint from hunger when on the morning of September 29th, 1964 I settled back in my seat aboard the homeward-bound jet out of Amsterdam. I hadn't eaten in over forty-eight hours and the stewardess noticed it (probably because I almost bit her finger off as she'd passed out chewing gum). Anyway she called me back to her little pantry and (bless her generous Dutch soul) pressed a ham sandwich and cigarette on me.

I had actually made it! The Grand Tour - Amsterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Berlin, Munich, Venice, Rome, the Riviera and Paris, stopping off in each place, and in general having a whale of a time (except for those brief periods in the hoosegow) and all for only $320. Or—if you'd prefer not to count the fare itself - eighty dollars. Which, as it happens, is actually *ten times less than what I could have made it on if I had stayed at home!*

Think about that one the next time you tell yourself you can't afford a vacation in Europe. ■

"Kids are cute at that age."

man and woman were then ready to choose new mates.

But it wasn't always a man's world—women, too, had their rights and privileges. At times, a man would crawl from his mosquito net in the morning only to discover that during the night his wife had hidden his clothes and thus signified she wanted nothing more to do with him. Naked, he was forced to walk through the village and return to the home of his relatives.

Although I had been schooled in the tenents of Christianity by my father, I took delight in worshipping the Great Spirit in the simple manner of my Indian friends. Each morning at daybreak we would silently gather at the riverbank and, as the first rays of the sun peeped over the rim of the jungle, raise our arms in solemn supplication. This ceremony was performed again at twilight. The indians recognized the sun as a great and powerful god who was responsible for the growth of all things necessary for existence.

Other nearby tribes which I visited had still stranger forms of worship. For instance, the Weldionos, who lived just two days downriver, were phallic worshippers and their symbol of fertility was the anaconda, a large boa constrictor which frequented the rivers and streams. During their ritual of fertility the young Indian maidens, dressed in garlands of flowers, stood along the river bank and watched as the chief of their tribe fought this water monster with his bare hands. Should he succumb, as often happened, they sincerely believed that during the ensuing year they would give birth to crocodiles.

Still another savage tribe, the Huanacas, worshipped the black bull *caiman* which represented a symbol of masculine virility. The Cashinahuas revered monkeys as their sex symbol, and even flattened the heads of their own male offspring at birth in order that they might more closely resemble the monkey family, which they believed originated human life.

I must confess that at times I wanted very much not only to participate in some of these strange pagan rituals, but to offer myself as a bride to a deserving Indian. At the age of nineteen I was still unmarried, a horrible predicament for any young girl. But my father counseled me against it. He explained that when the right time came, he would take me out into the world where I could meet people of my own blood. I would have many opportunities, he said, of falling in love and marrying one of my own kind.

I agreed to wait, but often at night, as I lay in my bed and watched the full red moon, I wondered what my father meant about my "own kind." I was a full-blown woman who longed for the loving caresses of a mate. Undoubtedly, he was right and I realized the wisdom of his words, but I was experiencing a constant inner struggle and had to fight continuously to subdue my natural passions.

While my father continued to amass a considerable fortune in animal hides, my heart cried each time the Indians brought in the skins of my beloved jaguars. Yet, I knew there was nothing I could do. But I prayed fervently that the yellow cats would somehow escape the weapons and cleverly camouflaged pits which the Indians had so painstakingly prepared. Always, my prayers went unanswered. The huge warehouse behind our house bulged with skins which each month were baled and shipped down the Amazon River to Belem, Brazil.

Occasionally, we had visitors from the outside. At first, I was timid in their presence and often hid in the jungle with my Indian friends until they departed. But there was one exception—a handsome young French professor of anthropology who had come to the Amazon to study the ethnological background of the various Indian tribes. He stayed with us for several weeks and quite naturally we became friendly.

His name was Jean Laval, and I spent countless happy hours listening to him talk of the wonders of Paris and of Europe. He was about thirty, and had laughing blue eyes and flashing white teeth.

One night as we walked hand in hand along a jungle trail bathed in moonlight, we stooped momentarily. The air was filled with the perfume

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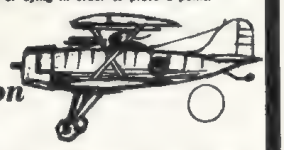

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of a thousand wild flowers and the stars hung like lanterns in the velvet-blue sky.

Suddenly, Jean seized me and kissed me savagely. Waves of weakness overwhelmed me and momentarily I slipped into a labyrinth of unfathomable desire. I responded hungrily to his passionate caresses. This was the heaven I had been searching for all of my life. That night I experienced the heady magic of first love. Jean whispered his undying devotion, and insisted that I forsake the savage jungle and return with him to Europe where we could live like "civilized" human beings.

For a moment I was tempted to follow him to the ends of the earth. But I looked out across the far reaches of the river as it swept by like a silvery ribbon; I raised my head and listened to the melodious calls of the night birds as they flew overhead. Far in the distance I heard the mating cry of the jaguar and above us a cluster of purple orchids waved gently in the soft breeze. Then I knew I could never be happy away from this wild untamed jungle. It had been my life since childhood, and I would not change it for the gold of Midas. The man I married would have to love me, but he would also have to be willing to share both the hardships and the exotic beauty of my paradise.

This I explained to Jean, but I could see that my cause was hopeless as he eagerly looked forward to returning to his homeland.

When I was twenty-two something happened that changed the course of my entire life. While hunting with a group of his Indians, my father was killed—clawed to death by a giant jaguar.

I shall never forget that horrifying moment when the Indians carried a bamboo litter out of the jungle and deposited it on a flower-covered knoll in front of the hacienda. I tried my best not to become hysterical, but suddenly I realized that with the death of my beloved father I was utterly and completely alone with only my Indians to console me.

For the next few weeks I worked diligently at his books and became thoroughly acquainted with his business ventures. Shipments of hides, rubber, corn, sugar cane, and other jungle products were sent out on schedule. New land was cleared and crops planted.

In an effort to forget, I completely refurnished and modernized the house, and down near the river's edge I built a swimming pool where, each morning, I plunged nude into the cold, clear sparkling water.

I wanted desperately to find time to take a vacation. I had not been out of the jungle for over eighteen years, but something always intervened and I became a virtual prisoner of circumstance. I often thought of Jean, and secretly hoped that one day he might return. I needed the companionship of a man, one who could share both my burdens and joys. But as the long months passed, I came to the inevitable conclusion that I might be forced to spend the rest of my days in loneliness.

At night I, wander through the many jungle trails which I know and love so well. Invariably, my thoughts always turn to the hope that one day I will find a mate; that we will fall in love, and live happily together for the rest of our lives here in my jungle paradise.

In my mind's eye, I can picture the type of man who would fill the void in my life. I am not particularly concerned with his physical appearance—he can be short or tall, handsome or homely. This is not important. He might be young or middle-aged. What I want most of all is loyalty, kindness and dependability. Naturally, he must learn to love the green wilderness and acquire a deep understanding of the Indians with whom I have been raised.

My husband would have to be willing to share the many responsibilities which are part of the business my father had developed over the years.

I have reached that point in life where I want to take advantage of my femininity, to be caressed and pampered and to shun, as much as possible, the trials and tribulations of the business world. In short, I want only to be a woman—to love and be loved in return.

This, then, is my idea of a mate. But where can I find him? Miracles do happen. One day, perhaps, he will come walking down the trail. I can only wait and hope. ■

coins, in circulation during the War between the States, were found in the Danvers River. Of odd designs, one piece was enscribed with the declaration: "No compromise with Treason and Our Union." Another had the slogan, "A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned." Another had the inscription, "City of New York, I.O.U. 1 Cent."

Since the beginning of time people in all countries have hidden their riches with the idea that they could recover them later on. Before the days of banks and safe deposits this is understandable. There was no fool-proof place where a man could be sure that his nest egg was safe from robbers or fire.

Even today, many people do not trust banks, and during the Bank Holiday of 1933, many a depositor decided that he would protect himself against the future and turn his paper dollars into hard silver or gold which he would tuck away for the next rainy day. So much silver coinage has been withdrawn from circulation in the last few years that the mints cannot keep up with the demand. Where has this hard treasure gone? Some of it may be in safes or safe-deposit boxes, but it is more than a guess that millions is in teapots, old socks, mattresses, and in every sort of container in every sort of hiding place imaginable—and some one could not imagine.

Who would think that a wealthy man would buy gold nuggets and dust at premium prices up to $100 an ounce, then mix the gold with cement and pave his front walk? You might like to read about other unusual treasure spots as described in "Sudden Wealth," a new book by Deek Gladson, an expert in treasure lore. Here are some excerpts:

"People who want to hide large sums will go to an unlikely hideout. For instance, a farmer folded and placed five $100 bills in each of ten small patent-medicine bottles and then sank them in the wet concrete at the head of a well. They were not discovered until years later after the farmer died and the concrete was broken up after the well caved in."

"A Michigan industrialist hid over $30,000 in the spare tire mounted on an old car he kept in his garage. When he died the car was sold and the honest buyer returned the money to his heirs."

When a treasure article appears in ADVENTURE the editors get dozens of inquiries on "Where can I find treasure in Kentucky—(Illinois, Texas) or in any of the fifty states in the union?" The only answer we can give is: No matter where you live, treasure is hidden or buried all around you. There are no books which will tell you exactly where you may find it. The amateur treasure hunter cannot expect to get the pot of gold that easily. Serious hunters smell it out by research, know-how and painstaking care in documenting their leads.

Many rich finds are made accidently in unsuspected places when bulldozing for roads or building sites, razing or repairing old buildings, plowing for gardens. They are also found in abandoned buildings or along old trails.

To get some specific answers we went to Karl von Mueller, an authority on treasure of all kinds. While he was lecturing at a business executives' luncheon at San Francisco in November of 1961, he was asked from the floor about the safest places to hide cash "around the house." This question opened up a surprising discussion that eventually involved at least two-thirds of the audience of 200 men and women.

It was significant that some of the most promising young business men in the Bay Area were interested in knowing where they could safely hide cash so that it would be available only to themselves, or to their wives, and what would happen to the funds in the event of their sudden or unexpected death. Several of these people expressed their convictions that this was a matter that they could not discuss with their lawyers, bankers, or financial consultants—for obvious reasons.

"The following significant report may be of unusual interest to many amateur treasure hunters," von Mueller told his audience.

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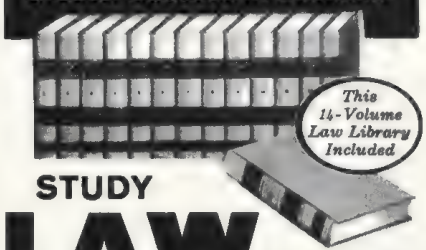

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and Gene Pruse (and myself) have been compiling data on various successful treasure activities in order to develop a trend or a uniform *modus operandi* for people who conceal wealth. In the beginning, we suspected that doctors might all follow a particular procedure and hide their funds in similar sites; that farmers and others might have a uniform procedure and hide their funds in similar sites. Since many professional treasure hunters were interested, most of them volunteered facts and information. The result of our findings was that there was no normal, uniform thinking that could be attributed to any particular profession. However, it boiled down to significant developments:

(1) That more and more people were acquiring and hiding gold in nugget form. (2) That money was being taken from safe-deposit boxes and hidden in houses. Actually, these two practices are self-evident because gold speaks the same language throughout the world and safe-deposit boxes are no longer inviolate.

For all practical purposes, money and valuables are generally hidden around the home. Here is an abbeviated list of places where cash, documents and other valuables have been found by professional treasure hunters: (1) Under stairways and stair treads. (2) Under windowsills. (3) Under door treads. (4) In picture frames (between the backing and the picture). (5) In chimney flues (under the soot). (6) Behind bricks in fireplaces, chimneys, foundations, walls and pillars. (7) In clothing, hung in closets or packed in trunks. (8) In automobiles behind dashboards, under the floormats, in trunks, under seats and in glove compartments. (9) In tool boxes of old farm equipment. (10) Behind the baseboards and in the walls of frame and adobe buildings. (11) In books (particularly Bibles). (12) In the ash boxes of old stoves. (13) Tacked or stuck to the bottoms and backs of drawers. (14) Stuffed in old musical instruments. (15) Hidden in the air cleaners of tractors and combines. (16) Behind the sweatbands in hats. (17) Stuffed in the heads and bodies of dolls. (18) Inside of clocks and radios. (19) Inside hollow bedposts. (20) In urns, vases, and other decorative containers. (21) Behind the reflectors in headlights of old cars. (22) Attached to the underside of grain boxes. (23) Attached to pantry or kitchen shelves. (24) Buried under fenceposts.

This is a partial list, but it gives an idea of the types of places people select to hide money. If you have developed the habit of hiding small sums, and most people do, you have probably used one of these places.

Strangely enough, members of a family are not always best qualified to detect where another member may have hidden money. Apparently, when hiding valuables, a human being is prone to depart completely from his normal habits. In many cases the hiding place is relatively remote from the area of his living and working area. In some treasure-cache discoveries, it appears as though the person who hid the valuables was hiding them as much from himself as from the public.

The *Moline Daily Dispatch* of March 21, 1913, had the following report, datelined Aurora, Illinois: "Somewhere in a swampy piece of land lying between Elburn and Ingallton, Michael McMahon, a wealthy resident, last night dug a hole and buried his watch and a pocketful of money. He does not recollect where he hid his treasure."

Our guess is that Michael was on the way home from town where he had "downed a few" and suspected that some of his drinking companions intended to follow him and relieve him of his roll and watch.

And talking of news items on treasure, here is one from the same news source in May, 1901: "A man in a small New Jersey town recently found a buried treasure *in his yard* which no doubt had been left there by one of Captain Kidd's famous crew. A fortunate find indeed, and sufficient to enable him to live happily the rest of his days.

To all amateur treasure hunters who dream of Cocos Island's golden millions, or King Solomon's Mines, take a tip from some of the real pros and search your own backyard. Who knows but what your grandpappy hid his Confederate bills under the eaves in the old homestead along with a frying pan of gold U.S. Eagles. Why wait until some stranger finds it? ■

ders down her body and fell to the floor.

She turned back the satin coverlet and stretched her arms out. "Come," she said.

For three weeks, Dan Colby lived in a way he never would have thought possible, even in his wildest dreams. He had more money than he really knew what to do with, he dined nightly on the finest delicacies, his food and shelter were provided without cost, and he was the lover of one of the most sensual and exotic women he had ever seen.

Then, a little less than a month after he had been hired, Chou called him to the drawing room.

"I'm sending a junk," his boss said, "to Macao to pick up certain goods. The shipment is quite valuable, and in the past there have been attempts to—you Americans have a colorful term for it—ah, yes, *hi-jack* similar goods. I am sending you on a two-fold mission: First, to direct my crew in repelling any such attempt. And second, to protect Mei-Fong who will complete the final arrangements at Macao. I, unfortunately, have urgent business here."

Colby studied the man's eyes, trying to learn if Chou knew of the activities between his bodyguard and his wife. But as always, Colby found him inscrutable.

Early the next morning he escorted Mei-Fong to the waterfront where they boarded a large, high-sterned sea-going junk. Mei-Fong vanished into a cabin and Colby walked about the deck, watching the quick movements of the crew and listening to their high bird-like chatter. Mei-Fong reappeared wearing rough peasant slacks, a loose blouse, and large straw hat.

"It is better that I do not attract attention," she said.

She took him down to the hold and showed him the bulky casing of an auxiliary engine.

She smiled. "For emergencies. One would never suspect from the outside, would one?"

Then she directed him to a large wall locker which she opened with one of two keys that hung from a chain on her neck.

"Also for emergencies."

Colby whistled. There were almost a dozen rifles of varying calibres, some with telescopic sights and two with infra-red equipment. Beneath a rack which held half-a-dozen bayonets was an assortment of pistols. Two Thompson submachine guns rested on brackets above the barrel and action of a .50-calibre machine gun.

"There are mounts for that on deck." She closed the cabinet and pointed to a chest beside it. "The ammunition is here, along with two boxes of hand grenades."

"Your husband's associates play rough," Colby said.

"At times." She reached up and began unfastening the buttons of his shirt. "But let us not speak of him now."

Colby caught her hands. "The crew," he said, "what if—"

Her eyes were excited. "Yes," she said, "yes. The danger will make it so much more exquisite"

She pulled his head down and kissed him.

At Macao, Colby waited on board the junk while Mei-Fong went ashore to meet Chou's partner. Half an hour later, she returned in a rage.

"The fools! The stupid fools!" she said, then she spun to the waiting crew and gave rapid orders in a whip-like voice.

When she had calmed, she said to Colby, "We must sail to Pait'eng Island."

"Pait'eng!" Colby said. "That belongs to the Red Chinese."

"We have no choice. Chou purchased certain art objects, ancient figurines, which were to be waiting at Macao, but something delayed shipment. Chou has taken large sums of money from Western business men, and if he cannot produce the figurines by tomorrow he would experience great difficulty."

Colby leaned against the railing. "I don't like dealing with Commies," he said.

Her eyes bored into him. "Your fellow Americans don't seem to mind," she said. "And you are not getting paid to like or dislike, only to see that things run smoothly."

Then her face softened and she glanced quickly around to make sure

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they were not observed. Then she pressed against him and slipped her hand beneath his shirt. "You should be glad that such treasures will belong to the free world."

The junk put into a small harbor where thirteen others were moored, shortly after midnight. Slouched against the railing in a dark corner, a blanket thrown over his shoulders, Colby watched a sampan make its way toward them.

He was surprised to see four uniformed Red Chinese soldiers, an officer and three privates come aboard. While the officer stood to the side, talking to Mei-Fong in low tones, the privates transferred a large wooden box to the junk. The officer pried one board loose and picked out a small glazed statue of a boy astride a water buffalo. Mei-Fong examined it, nodded, then handed him a large manila envelope. He saluted, and left with his men.

With Mei-Tong preceding him, Colby carried the crate into the hold.

Suddenly she stumbled over a coil of rope and the figurine in her hand splintered into a dozen pieces. In the center of the fragments was a tiny packet. She gasped, stooped quickly, and retrieved it. Colby set down the crate and grabbed her hand. He tore the packet from her fingers, ripped it open and held the white powder under his nose.

"You bitch!" he snarled. "Heroin! Pure heroin! That's your husband's business! He's the middleman between the Reds and the narcotics syndicates of the West."

Mei-Fong shrank back against the wall.

"The other junks in this harbor—what are they? Narcotics carriers?" He shook her vilently. "Tell me!"

"Yes," she whispered, terrified. "They leave within the week for Hong Kong. This is a sample for Chou's byers. If he cannot show them the first shipment by tomorrow night he will be in great danger."

"And you enjoy luxury too much to permit that, don't you?" Colby yanked the gold chain from around her neck, took the two keys from it and opened the arms and ammunition chests.

"What are you doing!" she said.

"One scream out of you and you're dead," he growled, strapping a garrison belt and a holstered .45 around his waist. He took one of the Thomspons from its brackets, then filled his pockets with grenades and jammed extra clips for the submachine gun into his waistband.

On deck, he pressed the Thompson's snout into her back and said, "I want these boys to do exactly as I say. One slip and you die. They're smart enough to know that would seal their own warrants too."

Colby gave his orders, and she translated. The thirteen opium and heroin-laden junks were clustered side by side, 200 feet to the starboard. Slowly, Chou's junk swung toward them. Five crew members began hauling fuel-oil drums up from the hold. These were positioned near the railing where a stocky Chinese punctured each one with a hatchet.

As they neared the first vessel Colby said, "Closer, closer. Good! Hold her on this course!"

The junk passed within ten feet of the first Red craft. "Now!" Colby said.

Two crewmen hoisted a barrel over the side. They repeated the process at every second junk. There were only two vessels left when a hoarse shout split the night. A searchlight played over Chou's junk and another focused on a fuel barrel which was bobbing against the stern of a Red craft.

"Get the engine started!" Colby yelled.

He threw Mei-Fong to the deck and fired a short burst which shattered the first searchlight. Then, squinting in the sudden absence of light, he turned his fire upon the last barrel they had dropped. His first two bursts failed to ignite the fuel and he cursed. On the third burst, the night suddenly blossomed orange and the air was filled with a great wooshing sound. The flames spread along the water and climbed rapidly up the dry sterns of the junks.

Gunfire crackled from the two nearest ones and slugs ripped into the railing next to Colby. He crouched and began blasting at the muzzle flashes. He felt the throb of the engine vibrating the deck beneath his feet as the junk sped toward open water. He grinned as he saw great sheets of flame leaping from junk to junk.

Suddenly there was a sharp ex-

plosion behind him and he was showered with wooden splinters. He turned in time to see three crewmen stagger and fall beside the cannon-blasted cabin.

"Gunboat!" Mei-Fong said.

It was a thirty-footer, closing fast and leveling its prowmounted cannon for another show.

"Down!" Colby shouted, and an instant later, Chou's junk shuddered as it took a direct hit in the mid-section.

He pulled two grenades from his pockets, yanked the pins, hugged the deck as the .50-calibre slugs tore through the gunwale inches above him. Then he released the springs, jumped to his feet and flung the grenades in a high arc at the passing gunboat. The first steel pineapple sank harmlessly into the ocean. The second landed square in the cockpit and blew the boat's pilot and steering mechanism into the next world. The craft swerved crazily and moments later crashed at full speed into a flaming junk.

Gradually they drew away from the holocaust in the harbor, and in a while it shrank to an orange speck on the horizon. They headed straight for Hong Kong. Colby ordered three of the crew to man the pumps, sucking out water that spilled into the hold through the shell-hole every time the junk listed. They ran without lights to avoid the patrol boats that were sure of be sent from the mainland, and three times during the night they heard the cough of a nearby engine. Colby was glad that a thick layer of dark clouds prevented the moon from exposing them.

To guard against being attacked by the crew, he pressed his back against the stern and rested the Thompson at his side. The cocked .45 he kept aimed at Mei-Fong who sat beside him. If any harm came to her, the crew knew that Chou would quarter them—literally.

Shortly before dawn, Colby estimated that they were too near Hong Kong for the Reds to risk an attack and he relaxed a bit. His eyelids drooped.

No more than a few seconds could have passed before he felt Mei-Fong's body tighten. He snapped his eyes open and saw one of the crew—ten feet away—swinging his arm forward. In his hand was the hatchet that had smashed the fuel drums.

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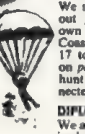

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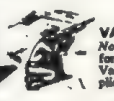

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Colby jerked the .45 up and fired twice. The man's face exploded into a red pulp as the hatchet swished through the air.

Mei-Fong screamed, but the sound ended in a wet gurgle. She collapsed against Colby, the hatchet buried deep in her throat. It had nearly decapitated her.

Eight hours later, Colby was seated across the desk from Lloyd Smythe, a British official whose position he did not know.

"You know," the Englishman said, "it's rather a difficult situation. The Chinese can't protest because of the nature of the 'merchandise.' We can't say anything because you had absolutely no right to be in Pait'eng. I'm afraid it has to be one of those incidents that simply never happened—as far as the reports go."

Colby nodded, then Smythe told him that Chou had been shot to death by Lu.

"It seems," Smythe said, "that Lu was a Red agent, assigned to his position in order to protect the Reds' interests. They weren't very happy, you know, losing close to a million dollars worth of narcotics."

When the interview was finished and Smythe showed Colby to the door, Dan extended his hand. The Englishman smiled and handed him an envelope before returning the gesture.

"There's a ticket inside," he said, "for an evening plane to the States. Also, a little something to tide you over until you find work. Though we can't say it officially, Her Majesty's Government is grateful."

Later, when Colby opened the envelope, he found $2,500 in American currency. On board the plane, he stretched his big frame, then leaned back and closed his eyes. It felt good, he admitted to himself, to be going home. ■

SECRET OF THE TUSKER KILL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

out a cigarette and she barked, "No smoking! Evil habit, y'know." As I put the cigarette away, Charlie started to laugh and I thought he was going to become hysterical.

"You always wanted to stop smoking. Now's your chance," he chortled in my ear.

As the days wore on, the situation ceased to be funny. Neither Charlie nor I were sufficiently boorish to tell the old gal off, and when we realized we were becoming just as meek as her husband, we resented it. It finally reached the point where she even was telling us what and when to shoot! We found no tigers, but did see a lot of small game and we had to confess that Alberta was an expert with a rifle. Invariably, however, just as Charlie or I would be about to touch off a shot, Alberta's rifle would crack and the animal would drop. The woman seemed without fear, also. Eventually we decided we'd teach her a lesson—we'd see just how fearless she really was.

We tried several things, first using animals which would send any normal woman into fits. We found one of the Indian boys in our company of beaters who spoke English and bribed him to catch us some live rats. Then, one evening, we slipped them under the flap of the Graves-Carpenters' tent. The effect was spectacular. The tent bulged, then the air filled with violent unladylike curses, all in Alberta's dulcet tones. Brian came running out, but not Alberta. Minutes later she barged forth, a dead rat in one hand, and retrieved her husband. The next day she gave us withering glances. How she knew we did it, we'll never understand.

However, we did realize how she knew who was responsible for the tiger's roar outside her tent late one night. She came out then, brandishing her big rifle and a flashlight, and found the footprints of the Indian we had hired to imitate the tiger. In the morning she herded all the beaters together, found the man who did it and fired him. He didn't implicate us, so we gave him another tip to speed him on his way. These situations set her up for my final *coup*—and inspiration of genius if it had worked.

We didn't bother her for a few days after the episode of the tiger's roar. Charlie suggested that we forget the entire matter and head back to Calcutta, leaving the Graves-Carpenters to their own resources,

but my sympathy for Brian had been mounting steadily.

I remembered one of the Indians had told me, while walking back from our *machan* after a drive that his brother was a *mahout* and had a trained elephant which he hired out just as bulldozers are rented in the States. I told Charlie my plan. We would get this fellow to bring his elephant early in the morning, strip its bells and trappings so it would look wild, and plant it near the edge of the clearing where we had our camp. Then we'd start yelling so Alberta would come out. If anything was going to scare her, it would be the sight of a wild elephant.

On the appointed day we were up well before dawn. Alberta always left her weapons standing near the tent door. There were three of them, and we paid one of the natives, who could move as silently as a bat, to get them and hide them behind the tent. He had just snaked out the last one when the flap opened, revealing Brian blinking his big eyes in the dim light. I waved him over to us without explanation—he never asked for any—and the three of us ducked into the grass and waited. We had taken cover not a minute too soon. Almost instantly there was a noise in the jungle and the big bull stepped into the clearing.

"Brian, where are you?" Alberta bellowed.

Before he could answer, she swung aside the tent flap and emerged, stuffing her shirt into her hunting pants. I held Brian down and waited for her to glimpse the bull. She did, and with a whoop started to dive back into the tent. Suddenly she hesitated, smiling grimly. She suspected it was another trick and looked around, trying to spot us. Failing, she walked over to the elephant, picked up a clod of earth from the ground and hurled it. "Shoo!" she said. It was a perfect strike, hitting the animal squarely on the end of its lifted trunk. Then the trouble started.

First the bull let out a scream as though it had suffered a mortal wound. Then it folded its ears, dropped its trunk and charged Alberta. She stood her ground and cursed at it, but it kept coming. When it raised her in its trunk and shook her, I began to suspect that things weren't working out exactly as planned.

Why the elephant didn't dash her to the ground and stamp her with its feet can't be explained. All I can say is that I'm thankful something prevented it from doing so. As it stood waving the woman high above its head, she suddenly stopped squawking. From the corner of my eye I saw Charlie jump up and run to where the rifles had been hidden, but something else held my attention. Alberta was fumbling in her pants pocket with one hand. Suddenly she drew out a small, black object, pointed it at the big head so close to her, and it exploded—five times in rapid succession. The bull screamed again, but this time its agony was real. Its trunk relaxed, dropping Alberta who scrambled away, then the big beast tumbled to its knees and rolled over. Charlie finished it with a shot from a .575.

For a minute I was too scared and exhausted to move. Alberta walked back to her tent like a person in a trance, ignoring Charlie who stood over the dead bull. A movement beside me made me remember Brian. As I turned to see how the sight of his wife's near-death had affected him, I saw him reach into his pocket and take out a large cigar which he stuck into his mouth and lighted. When he noticed I was watching him, he explained, "She has gone to the tent to faint; she always faints when she is really frightened. Then I have a few hours of freedom." He smiled, and that was the first time I had ever seen Brian Graves-Carpenter smile.

"Come over and take a look at this!" Charlie yelled to me. When I reached him I saw two significant things in addition to the dead elephant. One was an empty .38 Colt Automatic lying by the lifeless trunk. The other was a crimson hole which had been the animal's eye. She had put all five shots into that eye, and at least one had reached the monster's brain.

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"My brother very sorry, sahib. His elephant sick, no come today!"

I looked back at the dead rogue.

"Charlie," I said, "take over. I have some fainting to do myself!" But Charlie had headed for the tent.

I'm afraid we left the Graves-Carpenters no different than we found them, and since everything ended without a mishap, we have no regrets except one. In our one and only Indian *shikar* we bagged a rogue elephant—and didn't dare tell anybody how! Not even Alberta.

If you should read this, please forgive us, Mrs. Graves-Carpenter, wherever you are! ■

MUNICH'S FABULOUS FASCHING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

been on the slopes yet this year. I'm getting soft as a madam with a slipped disc."

It wasn't until much later that I thought to ask where her engineer husband had been all evening. "Two hundred miles away in the Rhineland. They've got a thing up there called *Weiberfastnacht* — woman's night, when all the town Valkyries get together and rape the men on sight. It's the kind of sex my husband prefers."

I told her the Rhinelanders could have it. A thousand years had proved the *Fasching* to be a good thing; but in my opinion, women should not be allowed to go around making advances to innocent men.

She laughed, and when we parted, it was the last I saw of her. She was typical of many unhappy women living abroad. As she said, the *Fasching* is, for them, the one bright spot. I felt sorry for her. I feel even sorrier for the women who live where there is no *Fasching* to break the monotony.

If there was any monotony during my stay in Munich, it was from an excess of the good things of life. That, too, may be the trouble with the Müncheners. I approve of the *Fasching* in principle; however, it may have gone a little too far, in practice. I've heard it said that Munich is the seat of Germany's past troubles. It was the scene of Adolf Hitler's first attempted *coup*.

"There's just too damn much beer and sex here," said one man.

They've got about as much beer as Brazil has coffee. Munich alone brews 50,000,000 gallons a year, and drinks up eighty per cent of it. The ten per cent alcoholic tax leaves the city treasury a quarter million dollars richer each spring, just from the *Fasching* consumption alone. Other merchants and professionals reap a huge profit from the six-week orgy. The biggest hauls are made by hotel people, drug stores and abortionists. There is a large and expected rise in the birth rate during September and October, and few dark-haired husbands are stupid enough to question little Rudolph's thatch of bright red hair.

Profane? Irreligious? Sacreligious? Nonsense! This whole thing started out as a religious exercise sanctioned by the Church, and today some of the most respectable and pious people in the world participate. I honestly think—and so does more than one psychiatrist—that anyone who looks down his blue nose at the pre-Lenten festivities has something to hide.

Maybe the whole thing was summed up in the last moments of my last day in Bavaria by my companion of the final three days. She was a lovely little thing whose face and exquisite form you may have seen in one or more imported movies. A "featured player," she may get somewhere if she develops her voice. All else is as developed as it can get.

The party was over and we leaned against a wall that kept part of Munich from falling off its plateau into the Isar River. The night was cold and her costume was sparse, so she ventured inside my overcoat. It was the kind of moment that, twenty years later, you remember and wistfully want to go back again, even though you don't remember exactly where it took place or who was there.

She said, "Now you are going home and I'll never see you again. It's too bad because I do love you. So whenever you think of the *Fasching*, think of me."

I do! ■

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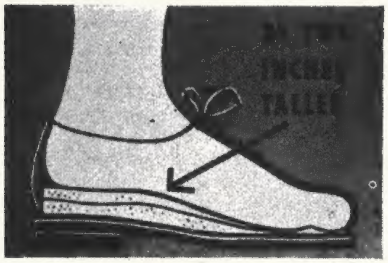

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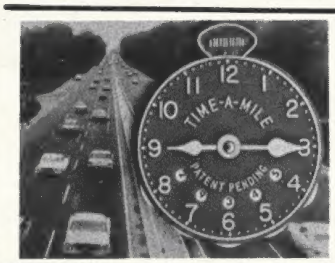

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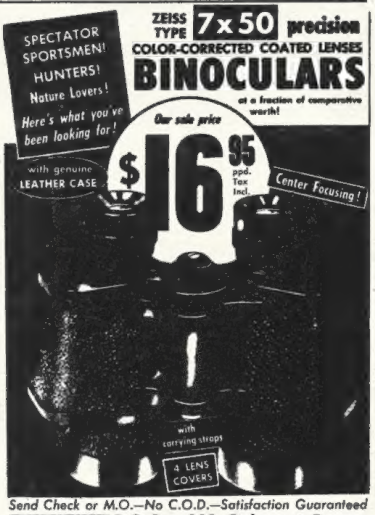
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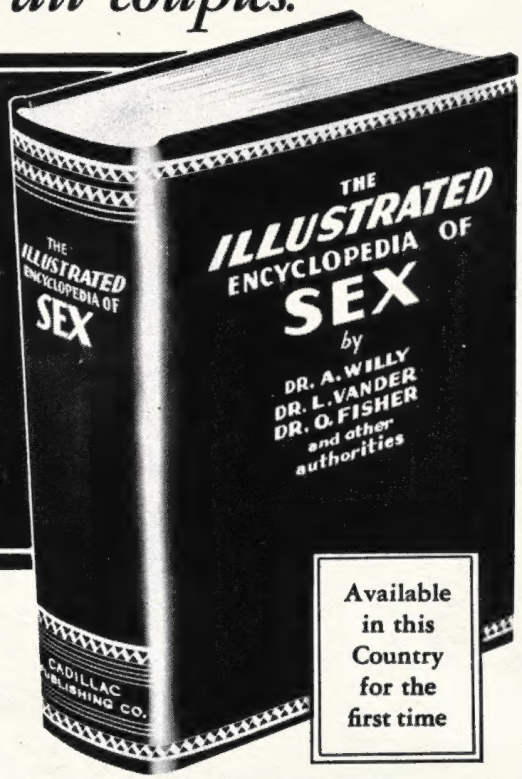

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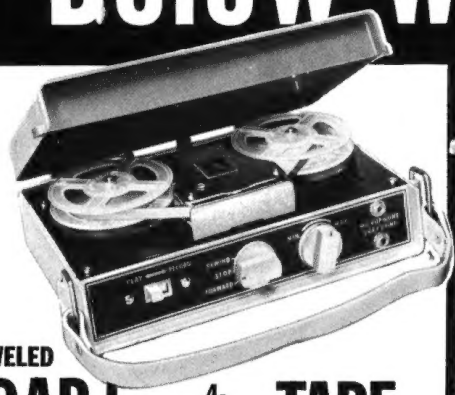

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